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The Week.

THE event of the week has, of course, been the President's message vetoing the civil rights bill. We have commented on it elsewhere. It is amongst the most discreditable of our state papers. Its logic is that of a stump speech, and its law would hardly pass current in a college moot court. The President's friends must surely be sorely beset when they point to his statement that a bill for the investment of American negroes with ordinary civil rights is a discrimination against newly arrived foreigners owing allegiance to a foreign power and offering no adequate proof of their intention to make their homes here, as evidence of his statesmanship. Foreigners have to submit to a five years' probation before acquiring citizenship because, first of all, they owe allegiance when they get here to a foreign power, and this they have to cast off unmistakably. Secondly, they all have to give some substantial proof that they mean to live here, and the only proof of this they can give is staying here for a few years. The presumption is that a newly arrived stranger will want to go back again; he can only get rid of it by settling down. The negro is born here, owes allegiance to this Government, has never owed it to any other, and is about as likely to quit the country as to turn traitor; so that the two principal reasons for subjecting foreigners to a period of probation are in his case wanting. And then, if laws be intended for the benefit of the weak and obnoxious, which needs protection more, black natives or white foreigners?

THE Senate of the United States, in losing its oldest member, Hon. Solomon Foot, of Vermont, has lost, as in the case of his colleague, Judge Collamore, a legislator who would do honor to any country—simple, dignified, incorruptible, imbued with the highest principles of Christian, republican government. We are reminded by his death, as we have often been before, of the worth of the State which he represented, and its choice of a successor will receive the confidence due from the public to a community rich in men and in an unblemished political record.

AN eight-hour bill has been thrown out in the New York Legislature. In that of Pennsylvania, one has made some progress, and is almost farcical in its absurdity. An attempt was made to bring house-servants under its operation, thus suspending all work in kitchens at two o'clock, and we must say we are sorry it did not succeed, as the fun of the bill would have then been all the greater, while the mischief would have been no greater. Farmers and farm laborers are exempted

from its operation, as if they did not need their afternoons for literary pursuits, while lumbermen on the other hand are tied down to eight hours, by which they will be considerably amused. We need hardly say that the lumbermen and everybody else will work as much as they please, all acts to the contrary notwithstanding. The only value these bills have lies in the evidence they afford of the lengths to which demagogues can go in gulling working-men. A similar bill has been defeated in the California House. The Senate passed it with an amendment providing that it should not go into effect until Massachusetts and New York passed similar bills. Hardly a manly or dignified way for senators to deal with the question.

THERE is now a movement on foot in New York to get the Legislature to punish the landlords for asking high rents. This is the proper supplement of the eight-hour movement. Do not let builders work more than eight hours a day; then, if many houses are not built, and house-rents rise, keep the rents down by law, and in this way a rush of capital into the building business will be caused that will be perfectly wonderful, and we shall all have houses for an old song, except the hateful, hard-hearted political economists. It might be well to pass another act compelling all disciples of Adam Smith, Mill, and Ricardo to live in tents and do their own cooking.

WE print on another page a vindication of General Sheridan, in the case of General Warren. We have compared it carefully with the latter's pamphlet, and see no reason to reverse our previous decision. "A staff officer" must perceive the futility of comparing the movement of a victorious enemy on ground not yet debated, with that of the troops which they had just checked, over a region interrupted both by battle and by the weather, and in darkness which was a help in the one instance and a formidable hindrance in the other. The question is not so much what General Grant expected, and what General Sheridan expected in consequence, as whether these expectations were rational in the premises, and whether General Warren failed to order the advance as soon as directed by General Meade and with all possible despatch. It is certain that he volunteered to move to Sheridan's rescue twenty minutes before instructions came to send one of his divisions. Thus much of the controversy may be settled by official despatches. Where it is a question of individual veracity concerning motives and moods of mind, General Sheridan undoubtedly has a right to his own impressions, but we do not know what answer can be made to General Warren's contradiction of them.

THEY had a constitutional election in Wisconsin in 1849, from which it never clearly appeared whether the word white was stricken out or not from the fundamental law. The Supreme Court of the State decided last week in the affirmative, and sustained the right of colored citizens to vote. So much the stronger becomes the attitude of the North in exacting impartial suffrage of the revolted States.

THE trichina question will be found fully discussed in our Scientific Notes, and as a correct summing up may there be read of all that is known about it, it may be of some use to those who have been bewildered during the last few weeks by the pork-dealers' theory, and the butchers' theory, and that most confusing theory of all, the reporters' theory. It will be seen that there is more cause for alarm than owners of hogs are perhaps willing to admit.

A good deal is said of General Lee's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee. It did not, however, contain a single fact

of importance, and was given very guardedly. He told the old story of Southern resignation, and gave the usual account of the theory on which he and others joined the secessionist army. He says that he either did take or would have taken the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy; but the question very naturally occurs: Would not this be a useless form if a man is bound by the action of his State? What is the use of an oath of allegiance which another power can at any time force you to break?

THE endorsement which the President ought to have written on Postmaster Cleveland's letter, but did not, was this: "The duty of an United States postmaster is to see that the mails are regularly despatched, letters carefully and punctually distributed, the accounts of his office accurately kept, and the complaints of the owners of missing letters thoroughly investigated. His proper place during the day is his post-office; the time he spends at political meetings, or engaged in electioneering, is generally fraudulently abstracted from the public service. It is no business of yours as postmaster what opinions either General Hawley or Mr. English holds. You are concerned with them solely as a private person, and your coming to the conclusion that you ought to support the latter is no more a reason for writing to me about it, or offering me your resignation, than your changing your cook, or quarrelling with your tailor, would be. At the same time, I feel bound to mention that, if I hear of your absenting yourself from your office during business hours for the purpose of taking part in political canvasses, my duty to the public, to which you owe your entire time, will compel me to ask you to retire."

THE latest piece of wisdom produced by the presidential organs is the assertion by the Washington *Union* that the unseating of Mr. Stockton by the Senate was "an act of revolution" and "treason." It adds that "if the radicals persevere in their course for the future as swiftly as they have for the past few weeks, they should be arrested for treason." It adds that the "times are critical," a sentiment in which we entirely agree. We must protest against the notion, however, that the radicals are advancing with half the swiftness of their enemies. Philosophers who have in the short period of nine months not only succeeded in wresting from Congress all control over the most important legislative process which any government was ever called upon to perform, but have actually got to the point of denying the right of the Senate to judge of the qualifications of its own members, and of accusing senators of treason for attempting to exercise it, can hardly be outdone in energy and quickness.

ANOTHER Jerseyman is blest with a clear conscience. The Hon. James M. Scovel is the fortunate man, and but for so invaluable a possession it is doubtful if he would have been made president of the Senate of New Jersey. For his conscience seems to shade off into self-consciousness and conceit, and his egotism into egoism, and he has been able so to turn the screws on the Republican party as to force them to endorse his flattering opinion of himself. He is just now taking another turn, by which he blocks the election of a successor to Mr. Stockton in the United States Senate, unless the candidate shall be selected from a certain number of gentlemen whom he names; or, in other words, unless a very prominent candidate shall be discarded. We do not credit the insinuation that Mr. Scovel forbears to nominate himself till the auspicious moment arrives, for he declares he is right within the doors of his own conscience, and, as he says, "a man with an empty pocket can defy the world, the flesh, and the devil." But when he adds, "I again take my appeal from the politicians to the people whose servant I am, and who, by the grace of God, I will never betray," we are reminded unpleasantly of a similar speech from President Johnson; and the parallel is not weakened by recent Democratic serenades at Camden.

ONE step towards supplying the working classes with innocent amusements has been taken in the First Ward of this city, by an association which is about opening a reading and coffee-room to compete with the vile resorts of that locality. The prime object of such an establishment is to provide young men who have no proper homes or

tolerable lodgings with a rendezvous in which their social cravings may be satisfied aloof from temptation. Light, warmth, good fare, and a liberal supply of newspapers are all that is needed for this. A regular attendance once secured, the usual attractions of the club may be largely varied by lectures, concerts, stereoscopic exhibitions, and the like. The success of this experiment has a deep interest for the public.

THE liquor-dealers of Massachusetts have lost their case before the Supreme Court at Washington, being assured by Justice Wayne that the internal revenue license cannot make that traffic lawful which the State has pronounced unlawful. About twenty-five hundred persons are said to be affected by this decision, and to owe the State, in consequence, nearly half a million of dollars in accumulated fines. Their next and only resort is Congress, whom they hope to persuade to pass Mr. Clay Smith's bill, already noticed by us as embodying an anti-State-rights heresy, and evidently framed in the "Bourbon" interest. The argument of one of their counsel before the Committee of Ways and Means was remarkable in at least one particular—that the prohibition of the sale of liquor in Massachusetts threw a heavier and unjust burthen of taxation on other States. He might as well have added that the tax on manufactures imposed a heavier (and therefore unjust?) burthen on Massachusetts than on Illinois or South Carolina.

THE intercepted letter of Clement C. Clay, which is now circulating through the press, does infinite credit to that state prisoner as a Christian moralist and warrior. He will answer for the leader in the St. Albans raid that he is "an honest man, a true soldier, and a patriot," chiefly, it appears, because he was capable of such delicate distinctions as were involved in his plan of "retaliation" upon the North. Lieut. Young had assured Mr. Clay that "his efforts would be to burn towns and farm-houses, not to plunder or rob; but he said, if after firing a town he saw he could take funds from a bank, or anything which might inflict injury on the enemy, and benefit his own Government, he would do so." Mr. Clay's instructions, "oft repeated," were to the same effect; and this Confederate view of honesty and legitimate warfare and patriotism is perhaps the reason why he now languishes at Fort Monroe.

THAT the people of the South should bear the people of the North ill-will, and should even hate us in their fashion, was only to be expected, at the close of a war in which they had lost their cause and suffered enormous detriment. We have a right, however, to be surprised that their contempt for us is at least as great as ever, and that their belief in their superiority has been unshaken by the events of the past five years. This is General Terry's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee, and that of many other witnesses of high and low degree. It would be curious to learn how much this feeling has been strengthened since the President's "policy" began to transpire, and how much is due to our seeming inability to reap from victory its natural fruits. What, further, are the means by which we shall remove the ignorance on which this contempt is based? Without protection for loyal citizens, black and white, resident and immigrant; without protection for the church and the school-house from the torch of the incendiary; and with rebellious newspapers in full blast and free speech threatened with Judge Lynch, we shall certainly continue to be despised and deserve to be richly. Force was the only thing not despicable in the eyes of Southern whites, and to relax our grasp before submission is complete is to forfeit the respect of those who expected that the loser would pay.

STEPHENS, the Irish Head Centre, is said to be on his way to this country, and to have advised his followers at home to postpone active operations, and attend to civil pursuits. As nobody was engaged in warlike pursuits unless running away from the police merits that appellation, this advice seems superfluous. But we presume the turn of Canada will now come in earnest, and that the conquest of that country will not be long delayed. The form of government has probably not yet been fixed on, but it will, no doubt, be a limited monarchy of forty or fifty kings, who will all "keep open house."

MR. GLADSTONE introduced the Government reform bill in the House of Commons on the 12th ult. The measure postpones the redistribution of seats, and looks simply to a reduction of the franchise—in the county, from £50 to a £14 occupation of a house with or without land, and the same for possessors of copyholds and leaseholds in parliamentary boroughs; in the borough, from £10 to £7 rental. The first reduction will affect considerably the great landholders; the working-men will be the chief gainers by the second, forming from a third to a half of the voters to be added to the constituent body. About two in five of them, according to Mr. Gladstone, will then be represented. He thought it quite likely the opposition would keep the bill from reaching the House of Lords before the middle of July. A free nation, as M. Thiers well remarked across the Channel, is a being compelled to reflect before acting.

THE *Paris Débats* was among the liberal journals abroad which were confused by the President's appeal from the radicals to the Constitution in his first veto message. Later intelligence has enabled it to perceive the false distinction between the radicals and the loyal majority of the people. The transparent sophistry which classed Messrs. Sumner and Stevens with the leaders of rebellion was enough to reverse the mistaken judgment of Europe. The conflict of to-day is seen to be a renewal of that of yesterday, and the friends of the one civilization or the other take sides as they did before.

PROBABLY never since midsummer of 1790, when the Champ de Mars was scooped out into a mighty amphitheatre around the *autel de la patrie*, has that field been the scene of such activity as now. Fine weather has greatly favored work on the building for the Exposition of 1867, and the foundation is now completed and the framework beginning to rise. An enterprising photographer, M. Petit, has purchased the monopoly of taking all the views—interior and exterior—of the palace, whether general or in detail. A brother artist has secured the right to erect within the area of the park an international *atelier de photographie*, where the artists of all the world may obtain saloons in which to exhibit their proficiency in taking portraits, etc. This will be a little exposition in itself, and of an art in active operation.

M. GUIZOT, in welcoming M. Prévost-Paradol to the French Academy, referred to the attachment of his predecessor, M. Ampère, to the city of Rome as a place of residence and as an historical study; and he added in this connection, that enlightened and fair-minded men were reluctant to believe that the future of a people demands the ruin of its past, or that it is impossible to ensure the Romans their just share of social progress and liberty without altering and destroying the situation of the European chief of the Catholic Church. This ought to be comfort to the Pope, coming as it does from so eminent a Protestant; but he has none the less composed a prayer to avert the impending catastrophe—"civitatem istam circumda, tu Domine."

THE powers which signed the treaty of Paris have re-assembled, through their representatives, at that city, to take care of the Danubian Principalities, which, like all the petty states of Europe, are generally regarded as incapable of taking care of themselves. In accordance with this theory neither Wallachia nor Moldavia is represented in the conference.

FLORENCE and Turin contended last summer for the honor of entertaining at its next session the International Association for the Advancement of Science. The ancient capital has won, and the association will sit this year at Turin. The new kingdom will be able to furnish it with some exceedingly interesting statistics. Besides those we have noted at various times, it appears that the Italian navy carries one-sixth as many guns as the French, one-tenth as many as the English, and one-sixth more than the Austrian. Of steam-vessels it has one-fourth as many as France, one-fifth as many as England, and twice as many as Austria. The cost of the naval establishment is one-fourth that of France, one-seventh that of England, and only one-fourth

more than that of Austria. Or, if we look at the press of Italy, we find that on December 31, 1865, she counted 372 newspapers; that Florence had 42 periodicals, Naples and Turin 44, Genoa 41, and Milan 51. Some of the names are a curious study. In a given mail the *Inferno* and the *Garden of Mary*, the *Troubadour* and the *Frog*, *Minerva* and the *Ass*, the *Wasp* and the *Devil's Tail*, may be brought in more or less congenial juxtaposition.

THE Government in Italy have been a good deal disturbed by demonstrations throughout the peninsula, in which the names of the two Josephs—Mazzini and Garibaldi—have been celebrated together. At Florence a public meeting was held, on the 11th ult., to applaud the election at Messina and to form a committee to work in unison with those great leaders "for the speedy completion of the national revolution." At Palermo the liberal Germans were invited to participate, on the 19th, in a fête in honor of the two republicans.

HUNGARY, under the lead of Deák, refuses to compromise with Francis Joseph. It must be ministry first, and mutual concessions afterwards. The Emperor's choice is asserted to lie between absolute despotism and sincere constitutionalism.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1866.

THE Senate chamber, on the transmission of the President's second veto message, was again the scene of profound though subdued excitement. Its reading was uninterrupted by any demonstrations of applause or disapproval, and the thronged galleries sat in hushed expectation of the vote which was expected to follow. But the desire of Senator Trumbull to defend the civil rights bill, of which he was the principal author, against the objections of the President, and a general feeling that nothing would be lost by delay, carried an adjournment of the question to the next day. The decease of Senator Foot intervening postponed the issue to Monday next. The utmost confidence prevails that the bill is to be sustained by the constitutional majority of two-thirds. This belief is strengthened by the scope and tenor of the message—so much more hostile to the style of legislation with which Congress has deemed it proper to guard the rights of the freedmen than was expected by many. Should the bill re-pass in the Senate, its success in the House is regarded as certain. This result would necessarily part still more widely the executive and legislative branches of the Government, and would perhaps lead to that final and irreparable breach which has all along been predicted, when the President would no longer feel himself bound to carry out the wishes of the party which elected him.

However much of comfort and encouragement may have been derived by the late Democratic party from the present state of things, it is not true that the President contemplates what they most desire—an identification of his administration with their men and measures. On the contrary, the more he is vexed and thwarted in his own favorite policy of reconstruction by the radical majority in Congress, the more fixed and determined does he become to repudiate the Democracy on the one hand and the radical Republicans on the other, and to found, if possible, a new party which shall reject what he deems the heresies of both. This experiment may be hazardous, but it is not unprecedented, and in it there is much reason to believe the President finds the only door of hope for the success of his administration. Relying upon popular support for the national policy which he has marked out for himself, he has long since discarded the expectation of winning the majority in Congress to his views. That majority, too, alienated by the Executive prohibitions put upon its favorite measures, appears no longer to be solicitous of harmony, but is distrustful, defiant, and sometimes needlessly irritating and disrespectful in its bearing toward that co-ordinate branch of the Government which the President represents. A marked sign of this was manifest during the reading of the veto message in the Senate. The leading members of that body paid little or no attention to the message, but were busily and even noisily caucusing among themselves, with rolls of the Senate in their hands, to cast up

the chances of overcoming the veto before its communication to the body was yet finished. The indecorum was once or twice checked by the presiding officer in a call to order.

The defeat of the bankrupt bill in the House is scarcely regarded as final. Its reconsideration will come up on Wednesday, when the narrow majority of fourteen against it may be overcome by the presence of many heretofore absent friends of the bill.

Next to the veto of the civil rights bill, the unseating of a New Jersey senator occupies all tongues. A purely legal question, it was deferred for two months, then settled, as was supposed, in favor of his title to a seat by the one vote of the senator himself—then reconsidered and reversed by one vote, nine Republicans voting in favor of the claimant's right to a seat.

DIARY.

Monday, March 26, 1866.—In the Senate, the entire day was occupied with the question of reconsidering the vote of the next preceding session, by which Mr. Stockton was declared entitled to a seat as a senator from New Jersey. The ground on which the reconsideration was based was that Mr. Stockton had voted in his own favor, thus carrying the resolution by a majority of one. The vote being reconsidered, a motion was put and carried that the vote of Mr. Stockton be not received in determining the question of his seat in the Senate. The question was then laid over.

In the House, Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, made a speech, in support of his resolutions on the Federal debt, the rebel debt, etc., after which they were laid over till next Monday. The bill to amend the postal laws was amended by striking out the section authorizing the department to sell stamped envelopes at the price of the stamps, and passed. Mr. Dawes reported, from the Committee on Elections, a resolution that Hon. James Brooks is not, and that W. E. Dodge is, entitled to a seat in the House from the Eighth New York District.

March 27.—In the Senate, petitions for an International Copyright Law, for guarantees of a republican form of government, for the right of suffrage to women, for the establishment of a territorial government for Virginia, etc., were presented and referred. Mr. Fessenden, from the Finance Committee, reported the army and post-office appropriation bills from the House, with amendments. A bill to reimburse the State of West Virginia for expenses in calling out troops to suppress rebellion, was reported from the Military Committee. Mr. Stewart offered resolutions as a substitute for his former ones. They propose a constitutional amendment prohibiting discriminations in all the States in civil rights or the elective franchise on account of race or color, and on the adoption of this amendment by any late rebel State, provide for a general amnesty and representation of its people in Congress by their chosen representatives. Mr. Doollittle offered a bill to provide appropriate legislation to enforce the second clause of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. Referred. A bill transferring the custody of the library of the Smithsonian Institution to the Library of Congress was passed. A bill granting lands to the State of Minnesota to aid in constructing railroads was passed. The consideration of Mr. Stockton's case, as a senator from New Jersey, was resumed. Mr. Johnson moved to postpone until Thursday, to give an opportunity to Senator Wright, of New Jersey, to be present. Lost—yeas, 18; nays, 23. Mr. Stockton spoke nearly all day in defence of his claim to the seat. After debate by several senators, the resolution offered by Mr. Clark, from the minority of the Judiciary Committee, that Mr. Stockton is not entitled to a seat as senator from New Jersey, was adopted—yeas, 22; nays, 21. A motion to reconsider this vote was lost—yeas, 30; nays, 33. A message was received and read from the President, returning with his objections the act to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights and furnish the means for their vindication.

In the House, a bill for the benefit of the Winnebago Indians was passed. The Senate amendments to the naval appropriation bill were made a special order for April 4. The bankrupt bill was discussed and amended, after which the previous question was demanded on its passage, and it was ordered, when the House adjourned.

March 28.—In the Senate, the decease of Senator Foot, of Vermont, was announced, and no business was done.

In the House, Mr. Morrill reported, from the Ways and Means Committee, a bill to postpone for two months the levy and collection of the income tax for the current year, with a view to an amendment of the law, now being prepared. Passed. On motion of Mr. Raymond, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to enquire into the expediency of reporting a law that no member whose name might be on the roll of the Clerk at the organization of the House shall participate in the election of Speaker or in other business until he has taken the oath prescribed by law. A bill to provide for settlement of the accounts of officers of the Freedmen's Bureau was passed. The vote was taken on the bankrupt bill, and it was lost—yeas, 59; nays, 73. On a motion to reconsider this vote, and to lay the motion to reconsider on the table, the yeas were 59 and the nays 68. Mr. Beaman moved to postpone the motion to reconsider for one week, and it was carried—yeas, 75; nays, 36. A bill to extend the laws of Kansas over all lands in that State reserved for Indian tribes was laid on the table—yeas, 69; nays, 48. Mr. Stevens offered a constitutional amendment authorizing Congress to lay an export duty on cotton. Objected to.

March 29.—The funeral obsequies of Senator Foot were performed in the Senate Chamber, after which both Houses adjourned to Monday, April 2.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE Bureau in the District is constantly engaged in sending to good homes in the North such colored people as are out of employment. Hundreds are thus despatched every month. The sanitary measures in Washington are being vigorously carried forward. The Government has altered over several of the barracks about the city into tenement-

houses, and these are rented to the poorer colored people at about three dollars per month. These people had been, and still are in some places, paying from six to ten or twelve dollars for miserable cellars, hovels, and huts of one or two rooms. As a result of this action on the part of the Government, the owners of these shanties have lowered their prices and are improving their tenements.

The Secretary of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company furnishes us the following items concerning the bank, in order to correct a misstatement which appeared in the columns of THE NATION two weeks ago: Total deposits to March 1, 1866, \$303,303 94. Of this \$96,000 00 has already been returned to depositors, which they for the most part have invested in lands and homesteads for their families. The balance now due depositors amounts to \$207,000 00. During February \$25,000 00 were deposited, and the amount for March will be even larger. There are only fourteen branches, instead of twenty-nine. In Washington over \$25,000 00 have been deposited, instead of only \$5,000 00.

From the Lynchburg District, Virginia, the officer reports that the freed people are nearly all at work. From Culpepper County the report is about the same, except that the farmers are obliged to bring their hands from Alexandria. The reports of the officers of the Bureau at Fredericksburg, Tappahannock, Orange C. H., show a favorable state of affairs. The agent for Surrey County reports that the whites are cruel and unjust toward the blacks; that they try to keep the freed people with them by force, pay them as little as possible, beat them, etc. The agent at Brentsville reports that the freed people are working well, and that the whites are disposed to deal somewhat kindly with them. The agent at Stafford C. H. reports that the state of affairs is very good, considering the former relations, though the whites seem to have a real hatred for the blacks. He gives the following illustration:

"William Armstrong, president of the Board of Overseers for Stafford County, when asked, 'In case the United States Government ceased to issue rations to the poor freedmen, whether the county would feed them or not?' answered, 'Not a damned bite will I give them; I would choose hell first!'"

From other parts of the State the reports seem to be more favorable than formerly. The great demand for labor has much to do with this.

From the report of an inspecting tour made through Kentucky by Peter Bonesteel, Esq., as an inspector for the Bureau, we make some extracts. He reports sixty cases of outrage in a limited district alone, "unparalleled in their atrocity and fiendishness; cruelties for which, in no instance, as developed by the testimony, is there the least shadow of excuse or palliation." He says:

"I have classed these outrages as follows: Twenty-three cases of most severe and inhuman whipping of men, four of beating and shooting, two of robbing and shooting, three of robbing, five men shot and killed, two shot and wounded, four beaten to death, one beaten and roasted, three women assaulted and ravished, four women beaten, two women tied up and whipped until insensible, two men and their families beaten and driven from their homes and their property destroyed, two instances of the burning of dwellings and one of the inmates shot. Of these victims twelve men were Union soldiers, and three women the wives of Union soldiers."

The reports from Mississippi are very encouraging. The schools are increasing. Colonel Thomas says the demand for labor protects the freed people from violence. The whites are displaying great energy in obtaining means to cultivate the land.

In regard to the county court which he visited at Natchez, he says:

"I can report no objection to their proceedings, as the freedmen were allowed every privilege granted white men, and in cases where they were too poor to provide attorneys, counsel was assigned to them by the judge."

"The mayor and other officers of the city of Natchez expressed themselves well pleased with the conduct of the freedmen and the Bureau officers."

—A Vicksburg paper states that the Probate Court of Carroll County, Mississippi, apprenticed a colored lad without consulting his father concerning his right of custody; whereupon the latter sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* before Judge Cothran, the action of the Probate Court was pronounced null and void, and the boy ordered to be released.

—On a recent occasion seven or eight colored men and one poor white were seized for theft in Wilmington, N. C., the former strung up on tiptoe, *more servili*, and ordered to be flogged in obedience to the still barbarous law. The agent of the Bureau interfered after three had had sentence executed upon them. The white man was promptly released on bail.

—The colored people of Kentucky met in convention last week at Lexington. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

"Resolved, That we claim each and every right and power guaranteed to every American citizen, including that of suffrage, naturally and legally belonging to us to-day: waiving for the time being the ballot-box and the doctrine of equality before the law, we ask the opportunity, we demand the privilege, of achieving for ourselves and our children, under the regulation of important State and Federal laws, the blessings which pertain to a well-ordered and dignified people."

Minor Topics.

A GENTLEMAN went into a restaurant in this city a few days ago with a friend, ordered his dinner, and, when the beef-steak made its appearance, ate it so fast that a piece stuck in his throat. He was carried to the hospital as rapidly as possible, an incision made, and the piece of meat extracted; but it was too late, he was dead. This is the most striking illustration of the dangers of fast eating we remember to have met with, and we commend it as such to lecturers and writers of books on the popular and interesting subject of "hygiene." People for whom dyspepsia has no terrors may possibly be frightened by the possibility of strangulation, and the time spent in dining be thus made to undergo a sensible prolongation. But we doubt very much whether even "awful examples" would do much for the great cause of slow eating. With many people fast eating is a habit contracted in childhood, and which becomes as much a part of them, when they grow up, as their gait, or their way of holding their heads. Children acquire it either through an unusually voracious appetite or through early exposure to undue competition at meals. When acquired later in life, as it usually is amongst us, the habit is apt to originate in dining in the middle of the day, that is, in the midst of the business hours of the busiest community in the world—a practice which originated when most men were farmers or soldiers, and when nearly all the thinking of the world was done by monks, but which in the middle of the nineteenth century in an American city is an anachronism and worse. No business or professional man can go to a one o'clock dinner and bring to the processes of mastication and digestion the repose necessary for the successful performance of either. Early dinners ought to be the luxury of the idle; for men who are not prepared for them by an open-air life, and who are compelled to hurry from them back to offices and stores, they are simply a kind of slow poison, and they poison more rapidly as the pressure of the various pursuits in which city men are engaged increases. The lawyer who stuck up on his office door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by bolting my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers; at forty-five I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid or a lunatic, but, in the meantime, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghastly humor about that other story of the host in a New England city who asked his guest, at a mid-day dinner, if "he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along." The doctors help to keep the practice up by preaching against "late dinners" and telling people that they cannot digest much food when they come home in the evening hungry and exhausted with the day's labor, as if that was not the very time and very condition in which people most need a good meal, or as if evening was not the hour at which the vast majority of the human race ate their principal repast, at this day. It is the hour, too, in which the mind enjoys most repose, most freedom from responsibility, and after which most people are sure of leisure. Of course those who usually dine at one find, what with the effect of habit on the stomach and the effect of doctors on the imagination, a dinner at six rather heavy; but we venture to assert there is not half as much dyspepsia amongst those

who dine at six all the year round as there is amongst the worshippers of one o'clock. It must be remembered, too, that over-eating is as bad a thing at night as at noon, and anybody who relies on afternoon exercise to enable him to dispose of a surfeit will, of course, find a late dinner inconvenient. But, to the great mass of business men, the opportunities for successful digestion after six o'clock are good, while between one and six they may be said to enjoy none whatever.

GREEN, the Malden murderer, went into a bank in broad daylight in a quiet New England village, killed the clerk, robbed the safe, and went about his business. He is now under sentence of death, and an effort was made to secure his pardon on the ground of hereditary insanity. "Two Citizens of Malden" have recently spent an hour with the prisoner, and have written an account of the interview for the Boston *Advertiser*, containing, besides a description of the prisoner, an account of their own emotions and a theory of the cause of the crime. The "primary cause of the murder," they hint rather than assert, was "poor stock." It appears that insanity had shown itself in the Green family for several generations back. His paternal grandfather and several of his granduncles on the same side were insane. On the maternal side his uncle is insane, his grandfather was idiotic, and one of his granduncles committed suicide. All this is rather startling, and well calculated to support any facts that can be adduced in proof of Green's own insanity. But no such facts have been brought forward. The insanity of one's ancestors is not proof either legal or moral of one's own; for this, like other diseases, often skips a generation, and if proof of ancestral aberrations would sustain a good plea in bar, we might as well shut up the jails, for there are but few men who have not had progenitors on either the paternal or maternal side who have at least acted oddly. Green's mother was a drunkard, but the worst things told of his father are that he kept a store and afterwards was a postmaster. His children by his first marriage, of whom the prisoner is one, appear to have been deficient in character, but we must say that the fact recorded by the "Two Citizens of Malden," that "they did not amount to anything," is, for either psychological, physiological, or judicial purposes, of very little value. Of how many children may the same remark be made! The information which the "Two Citizens" have secured as to Green's own boyhood hardly warrants the assertion that they make, that his was a "social nature of a low but not a brutish order." The facts on which this conclusion seems to be based are the following:

"To have 'a good time' was all he cared for; but he was not addicted to any vice. He was neither sensual nor a drunkard. To be popular with the school children; to have a ride and a pleasant party as often as was possible; to secure a comfortable home for his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached—these ends and aims formed the *Ultima Thule* of his hopes and ambition."

We believe this would describe the boyhood and early youth of at least eight men out of every ten. The number of those who look forward to squaring the circle, or writing an immortal epic, or, like Mr. Johnson, being somebody's "Moses," or being elected President, is very small. The conduct of the great mass of mankind in early and often in middle life is, like that of Green, regulated by the desire to be popular with their neighbors, and to provide comfortable homes for their wives, and to be invited "to parties" as often as possible. We venture to assert that the worldly ambition of two-thirds of every community rarely goes beyond this, or, in the nobler language of the "Two Citizens," "these ends and aims form the *Ultima Thule* of their hopes and ambition." But we think it would be very unfair to conclude that "their social nature" is, for this reason, "of a low order," and we know of nothing better calculated to confuse popular notions of right and wrong, or at least diminish the popular horror of crime, than disquisitions like the one before us, in which it is insinuated that the fact of a man's love for a humdrum domestic life argues a low degree of accountability.

The special attention of the reader is directed to the *Financial Review* on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

ANDREW JOHNSON ON CIVIL RIGHTS.

THE objections of Mr. Johnson to the bill recently passed by Congress to secure the civil rights of the people of the United States are entitled to consideration on account of his office, whatever we may think of their intrinsic value or of his personal capacity to judge of such questions. There are few public men whose opinion upon a point of constitutional law would have attracted less attention a year or two ago than Mr. Johnson's, and we are inclined to believe that there are few whose judgment will carry less weight after his official term has expired. For the present, however, they are of undeniable importance.

The President's objections are two-fold: first, on constitutional grounds, and second, on grounds of policy. We propose to discuss the two classes of objections separately.

The provisions of the bill which, Mr. Johnson thinks, violate the Constitution are three. First, the abrogation of State laws discriminating between the civil rights of persons differing in color. Second, the provision for the punishment of persons violating the first section of the bill itself. Third, the new jurisdiction conferred upon the Federal courts.

The first objection is, of course, the principal one. Congress has interpreted the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery as authorizing the enactment of laws to prevent the continuance of unequal State laws, which were notoriously incidents of the slaveholding system. The President seems to hold a different theory. We had supposed that, under the rule of construction adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States, there could no longer be any doubt that Congress could adopt any measures that might probably be necessary to exercise the powers conferred on it, or to carry out the mandates of the Constitution. Now, it is true that men might be deprived of the civil rights mentioned in this bill, and yet not be actually enslaved. But it is also true that a man might be subject to be whipped by any and every other man, and yet not be a slave. He might be compelled to work without wages, and yet not be, within the definition of the Southern codes, a slave. He might have no rights over or in his wife and children, and still not be a slave. He might be prohibited from learning to read, from learning a trade, from travelling outside of his own village, from selling the fruits of his labor, or from owning the coat on his back, and yet not be a slave. But put all these burthens together upon one man, and wherein does he differ from a slave?

If, then, Congress is to have power to interfere with slavery at all, it must have the power to remove every shackle which belongs to the policy of slavery and which constitutes a link in its chain. And surely there can be no doubt that, upon the deprivation of civil rights and upon a system of unequal punishments, a new scheme of slavery might be founded. Slavery for crime is not prohibited. Suppose, therefore, that a State should enact that it should be a felony for any colored person to remain in the State for ten days, and that the punishment should be slavery for life? Statutes in substance like this have been passed before and enforced, and might well be again. Or, suppose that a law should be passed absolutely prohibiting colored persons from suing or defending suits. How could they escape out of slavery in such case? Or, suppose the mild and beneficent law of reconstructed and loyal (!) Mississippi, which absolutely forbids colored men from owning or leasing real property, should be enlarged by adding a section making it a misdemeanor for them to trespass upon any land which they did not own or hire (which is the law of this State), how easy would it be to reduce the whole colored population to slavery. Add to this the laws which have already been passed in several reconstructed States for the apprenticeship of colored children without the consent of their parents, irrespective of their ability to support them, and what more is needed to constitute slavery

more brutal and destructive, by far, than the old and undisguised system? It would be slavery without the salutary check of a pecuniary interest in the life of the slave; and the lot of the colored "freedman," like that of the Cuban *emancipado*, would be ten times worse than that of the old-fashioned slave. If Congress has no power to hinder these plans from being carried out, the Constitutional Amendment is an imposture and emancipation a farce. It is true that, in doing this, Congress may possibly adopt measures that, in some instances, will effect more than is really necessary for the purpose. But this is true of all laws. It is almost impossible to frame a statute which shall do all that its authors intended and yet not do a hair's-breadth more.

The next objection is to the second section of the bill, which provides for the punishment of "any person who, under color of any law, statute," etc., subjects, or causes to be subjected, any person to the deprivation of rights conferred on him by the first section. This, Mr. Johnson says, punishes legislators who pass unequal laws, and judges who expound them. As far as legislators are concerned, the objection is so utterly unfounded as to remind us of a kindred passage in the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill, in which the language of the bill was directly falsified in order to make a forcible point. How is it possible that legislators can be said to act "under color of law?" They make law, they do not act under it. It might as well be claimed that all who voted for a legislature which passed such laws are punishable under this bill. Nor do we think that under any fair interpretation judges could be held to fall under the penalties of the bill. The whole phraseology of the section contemplates acts, not decisions, and is clearly aimed at ministerial officers, such as sheriffs, constables, etc. As to them, even Mr. Johnson has not the hardihood to deny the power of Congress to punish their acts. Mr. Johnson finds something in the third section which confirms his views as to the meaning of the second section. Our obtuseness is such that we cannot perceive the faintest glimmerings of light in that direction, and cannot therefore enter upon an argument for which we do not discover the least foundation.

It is, of course, possible to put upon the provisions of this or any other bill a construction as forced as that which the President has adopted in reviewing the civil rights bill. Under such a method of interpretation, scarcely any penal law could stand. Thus, we take at random the statute of this State in respect to counterfeiting. It declares, in the plainest terms, that every person who "counterfeits" a gold or silver coin, current by custom or usage, shall be punished as for forgery. Many boys amuse themselves by taking moulds of coins, in lead or other soft metals, without, of course, the slightest idea of using them to defraud, and without the possibility of doing so. According to Mr. Johnson's mode of interpretation, all these children are liable to be sent to the State prison. So the proposed penal code of this State makes it a misdemeanor wilfully to delay a public officer in the discharge of his duty. Upon Mr. Johnson's theory, it would follow that if this provision is adopted it will be a crime to stop a constable, on his way to an arrest, merely to ask him the time or to shake hands. Absurd as are these illustrations, they are not a whit more absurd than the President's construction of the second and third sections of the civil rights bill. Yet it is this branch of his argument which, the *New York Times* is of opinion, must have made Chief-Justice Poland and Judges Harris and Trumbull "blush" to find their legal learning surpassed by a layman. We can easily conceive that they blushed on reading the veto message; but, we fancy, from a very different reason from that hinted at by the *Times*.

The last of the constitutional objections is, that the Constitution does not allow an extension of the judicial power of the United States to the cases of which, under this bill, the Federal courts are to take cognizance. This objection depends entirely upon the first one. If the bill is in other respects constitutional, then Congress has unquestionable power to give jurisdiction to the Federal courts over all cases arising under the bill. This is plainly shown by the very section of the Constitution which the President cites on this point.

We have thus briefly reviewed the President's objections to the constitutionality of the bill, and trust that we have made it clear that they are entirely unwarranted. We now approach the other class of objections, which we find much more difficult to treat with respect. They savor of the demagogue and the stump, and are more worthy of Mr.

Rogers, of New Jersey, when addressing his constituents, than of the President of the United States addressing the whole continent, and, indeed, the whole civilized world!

The first-objection, on mere grounds of expediency, which is raised by the President, is to the clause declaring persons of color to be citizens of the United States. The simple fact of his making this objection is a melancholy proof of Mr. Johnson's rapid retrogression from liberal principles. It is only a few months since he publicly addressed a crowd of colored men as his fellow-citizens. Now he is disposed to treat them as aliens and foreigners. Nay, he thinks they are not as fit for admission to citizenship as foreigners. Adopting one of the meanest and most untruthful arguments of mob orators, he asserts that the bill makes a discrimination against "intelligent, worthy, and patriotic foreigners, and in favor of the negro," because it admits the latter race, which has been here for two hundred years, to citizenship without waiting five years more, or going through the form of naturalization, which is notoriously so administered as to have become a fiction and a sham.

The President's mania for State-rights is amusingly exhibited in dealing with this question. After admitting that the Federal Government has exclusive control over the subject of citizenship of the United States, he objects to the admission of negroes to this privilege on the ground that "the people of the several States" have not expressed their conviction of its propriety. What have the people of the several States to do with it? The people of the *United States* have expressed their convictions, in the only legitimate way, by the votes of Congress. That ought to suffice even for Mr. Johnson.

Another objection is made to the authority given to the Federal courts to appoint commissioners without limit as to number, and to these commissioners to appoint persons to execute warrants and other processes. To Mr. Johnson's heated imagination a cloud of police, multitudinous as the frogs of Egypt, arises to darken the land. Yet all these provisions were literally copied from a somewhat famous statute passed in 1850, and for which Mr. Johnson himself voted. Nor was it ever found that, under that law, any extraordinary number of persons was appointed. In fact, other acts of Congress, which have been in force for more than fifty years, contain similar provisions; and the worst that can be said of the clauses which excite the alarm of Mr. Johnson is, that they are needless repetitions of existing laws.

The same answer may be made in substance to Mr. Johnson's objections to the "irresponsibility" of these agents, to the fees allowed them for their services, to the possibility of their abuse of power, and to their interest in creating mischief for the sake of fees. All these objections apply to every marshal, sheriff, and constable in the land. They are incidental to every judicial system. Sheriffs would make a poor living if there were no litigation. Therefore, let all sheriffs be removed, so as to put an end to litigation. Policemen would be all discharged if there were no thieves or rioters. Therefore let all policemen be discharged, and the land will be immediately cleansed from theft and riot. The argument is profound, but not quite convincing.

The remaining objections to the details of the bill refer to the provisions requiring the courts to sit in any place appointed by the President, and authorizing the use of the army, navy, or militia to enforce the law. It is only necessary to say, as to these points, that similar provisions exist in other laws of the United States, and of the "several States" for whose opinion Mr. Johnson is so anxious. The former provision is familiar law in this State, and the latter provision is copied from another Federal statute for which Mr. Johnson voted in former days.

We have striven to speak temperately of this extraordinary message, and to repress the feeling of impatient contempt which its dishonest evasions and unworthy clap-trap have aroused. But justice to the subject demands that we should plainly express our judgment that this message is one of the most discreditable state papers known to American history. Taking into view all the circumstances in each case, Chief-Justice Taney's celebrated opinion becomes almost respectable by comparison in full view of the legislation of Louisiana, Missis-

sippi, and other reconstructed States, which the President has been compelled, by his own sense of decency, to set aside, he has the hardihood to say that the conflicting legislation contemplated by the bill is not likely to occur. In the face of the same notorious facts he asserts that there has not been, nor is there likely to be, any attempt to revive slavery by the people of any State. So, after expressly denying the power of Congress to secure to the freedmen any right to sue, to testify, to hold property, to make or enforce contracts, to marry or be given in marriage, he calmly assures Congress that he will "cheerfully" co-operate with it in any constitutional measures to preserve to the freedmen their *civil rights*! In the name of heaven and humanity, what *are* civil rights if those which we have enumerated are *not* included under that term?

THE EXECUTIVE LEGISLATING.

THERE has been such a glamour thrown round the presidential office by the war that a great many people seem to have totally forgotten the precise nature of the President's relations to Congress and the country. And it is because they have forgotten it that the present conflict between the legislature and the Executive possesses much political importance. We are, in reality, witnessing at this moment, in the difference which convulses the country, the legitimate result of the departures from constitutional usage into which we were driven in the excitement and confusion of 1861. Nobody can, perhaps, be fairly blamed for the irregularities into which the Government then fell. They were the natural result of the alarm and anxiety and distrust of everybody and everything by which the nation was pervaded. But there is no denying the fact that our political machine received a severe jar on the day when Mr. Lincoln was allowed, of his own mere notion, to exercise the very highest power of government, the power of suspending the *habeas corpus*. Congress ought not to have lost a moment after its meeting in asserting its sole exclusive authority to meddle for any purpose whatever with the safeguards placed by the common law and the Constitution round individual liberty. The tameness with which it suffered this prerogative to be taken from it, and with which it submitted to divers other assumptions by the Executive of functions peculiarly legislative, are now bearing their legitimate fruit. People begin to see at last that disregard of the forms of law is a two-edged sword, and that although it may in the hands of a good man strike great blows for freedom, it may on the morrow, and in the hands of a bad man, strike almost as effective blows for slavery. From Mr. Lincoln's right to suspend the *habeas corpus* by proclamation Mr. Johnson's right to restore it by proclamation is a fair deduction. So that under this precedent Congress has practically lost all control over the Southern States. Mr. Johnson may to-morrow restore the writ throughout the South without consulting the legislature; and this done, the Unionists and negroes would be absolutely at the mercy of the secessionists.

A more remarkable example still of the mental confusion remaining from the war is shown in the course which Mr. Johnson has thought himself authorized to take in the matter of reconstruction. When the Southern armies had surrendered, and all appearance of resistance had ceased, the "war power" of the President permitted him simply to provide security for life and property while the people of the States were getting the machinery of civil government into order. The President with his "war power" is, and can only be, under any construction of it, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and on soil from which he has driven the public enemy; he exercises the power of a general in the field—no less and no more. The duties of a general in the field, after fighting is over, are the restoration of order and the creation of such means of administering justice as may be necessary and expedient. All else—the nature of the government to be established, the process by which it is to be established, the relations of the conquering to the conquered State—are matters for the decision of the legislature in all constitutional countries. If the President has power to settle these things, he is more than a general—he is a despot. If he unites in his own person legislative with executive powers, he is not the servant of the people, but its master. He exercises an authority such as has never been assumed before in any country calling itself free, by any officer of the government.

At the close of the war Mr. Johnson appointed provisional governors. So far all was well; executive officers of some sort there had to be to prevent anarchy. He went further, and called conventions to re-organize the governments. This, too, was not open to objection. He was still acting within his sphere as commander-in-chief. The various States needed to have some means of expressing their wishes. But this is as far as we can go with him. He had no business to make discriminations between classes of the citizens. He, as commander-in-chief, had nothing to do with State policy or State laws. His duty was to see that all had a hearing; when he decided who should vote and who should not, he legislated, and consequently was guilty of usurpation. But, at all events, once the conventions had met, he was as a holder of the war power *functus officio*. He should then have called Congress together and said: "The rebellion is over; the South is at your mercy. I have re-established order; I have provided the people of the revolted States with the means of addressing you. You are the legislature of the United States; in your hands the Constitution has lodged the power of initiating all laws and all schemes of policy. My duty, the duty assigned me by the Constitution, is to report to you and make suggestions to you, and to carry into execution such laws as you may pass, either with my approval, or in spite of my disapproval. I recommend you to treat the South leniently; to receive the return of the revolted States to the Union with as little humiliation to them as possible; but it is for you to decide. I shall express my opinion in the constitutional way on such bills as you may send for my signature; should my objections to them be deemed by you insufficient, I shall not forget that I am your executive officer; that 'all legislative (that is, all law-making) powers' are, by the Constitution, expressly 'vested in the Congress of the United States (Sec. 1), and that Congress consists of the Senate and House of Representatives; that all that I have to do with the law-making is to 'recommend to your consideration such measures as I shall judge necessary and expedient.'"

He, however, did nothing of the kind. He did not call Congress together. He did not wait for its coming together. He set to work to make laws with great assiduity. He issued edicts with a rapidity equal to that of Louis Napoleon in December, 1851. He first of all arbitrarily excluded all colored men from voting. He next arbitrarily excluded all persons from voting who had taken part in the rebellion, thus, on his own authority, inflicting a penalty of the highest kind on persons who had been neither tried nor convicted of any crime whatever. He then—we beg the reader's attention to this point—began to exact certain qualifications from revolted States as conditions of their re-admission into the Union. He insisted that they should formally abolish slavery, that they should repeal the ordinances of secession, that they should repudiate the rebel debt. Now the power that makes such requirements as these of any people must be either a conqueror exercising the naked authority of the sword on conquered soil, or a legislature exercising a constitutional right. The first of these Mr. Johnson has always stoutly denied that he is or can be; the second the Constitution does not permit him to be; so that on every theory that has yet been propounded by himself or his friends, or that can be devised, of his position and duties, the whole reconstruction process, as he has carried it on, has been one long piece of usurpation, in which we are satisfied few loyal men at the North would have thought for one moment of acquiescing, if most of us had not been frightened by the war into forgetfulness or indifference to the true relations between the different branches of our government.

The whole work of re-organizing the South and restoring its relations with the Union is the most important kind of work on which a government can enter. It consists in law-making in the highest sense of the word. In a free country it is the legislature only which is capable of it. In this country the performance of it is expressly forbidden to anybody but the legislature. The phrase, "the President's policy," which is now heard so often, is a solecism of which no American who knows the nature of his own institutions ought to be guilty. The President has *opinions*; he ought not to have a policy. It is for Congress to frame a policy; it is for him to carry it out. As matters stand, he not only framed a policy without consulting Con-

gress, but he went to work to carry it out, and, when Congress met, they found the work half done. This was bad enough in all conscience; but this was not all. When they met, and took the state of the South into consideration, they came to the conclusion that the conditions he had imposed on the revolted States were not sufficient, and proceeded to impose others. But they have found that not only has he arrogated the power of imposing conditions himself, but he maintains that any attempt of the legislature to add to his list is an usurpation, against which he feels it to be his duty to offer every opposition in his power. He denies the right of Congress to revise his work or to amend it; tells them to their faces that, if they presume to legislate about the South, they must take Southern representatives into their councils, just as if he consulted Jefferson Davis when he was about to draw up his conditions of reconstruction. He appeals to the Constitution as coolly as if the Constitution authorized the President to dictate to constitutional conventions the provisions of the organic law which they were to frame, or authorized him to drive from the polls at local elections whole classes of men who had been neither indicted, tried, nor convicted, or to maintain martial law in time of peace, or, in fact, to do any one of the acts by which he has sought to bring back the Southern States to their old position.

We confess that for our part we think the public acquiescence in the unwarrantable assumptions of power on which the President's whole interference with the reconstruction process is based, has gone far enough. Whatever excuse there might have been for it three years or even one year ago, there is none now. It is too late to undo the irregularities committed during the war; but it is not too late to force every branch of the Government to betake itself once more to its own business, and confine itself to the sphere traced out for it by the Constitution. We want no "deliverers," or "restorers," or "chieftains," or "Moseses;" no great man with a "mission" to get us out of our difficulties. If the legislative branch of our system be not equal to the present crisis, our institutions are a failure. But the people have not come to the conclusion that the old machinery is not still equal to all the work that may be required of it. It is not probable that the confusion which now pervades the minds of a portion of the public regarding the President's duties can last very long. It would probably not have lasted even as long as it has were it not that the present controversy is one which touches the negro more nearly than the white man, and the influence which the negro exerts in bemuddling the intellects and blunting the perceptions even of the most sensible people, is one of those things which, as we have often remarked before, we are glad to say it is not our duty to explain.

THE REFORM BILL IN ENGLAND.

WHILE Americans are called on at this moment to decide questions which directly involve the fundamental principles of government, labor, and society, Englishmen are engaged in discussing the respective merits of a seven-pound rental and a seven-pound rating franchise. Tory and Whig, Liberal-Conservative and Conservative-Liberal, appear to us mere party appellations, to which it is hard to attach any real significance. Whether Lord George comes in or Lord John goes out of office can hardly be a matter about which we feel any very keen interest. But yet, underneath the seemingly meaningless and petty character of the English political contests of the day, many genuine and important principles are at issue. What those principles are, let us try to explain as distinctly as we can.

The reform bill of 1832 has often been aptly described as a social revolution. In spite of many shortcomings and much disappointment, it produced one great real result: it transferred the supreme power from the landed aristocracy to the middle classes, after much the same fashion as the revolution of 1688 transferred the supreme power from the crown to the aristocracy. The government did not cease to be one conducted mainly by the aristocracy; but, in the event of a contest of opinion, the casting-vote, so to speak, was taken from the peerage and landed gentry and given to the commercial and middle classes. The proof of this change may be found in the fact that no measure on which the middle class really set their heart has ever been permanently

rejected by the opposition of the aristocratic influence, and that no measure opposed to their instincts has ever become law. In ordinary times, and upon common questions, the country is quite content to leave the administration of affairs to the ruling caste, knowing that, whenever it chooses to exert its power, it can dictate the policy to be pursued. The political questions on which the middle classes are in earnest or united are not many in number, and therefore this power is seldom exercised decisively, but it exists none the less.

The reform bill which destroyed, to a great extent, the pocket borough system, and gave the largest share in the representation to householders, tradesmen, and professional men, was carried as a liberal measure by the aid of the popular party. Gradually the masses, to whose assistance its success was partly, perhaps mainly, due, discovered that, as far as they were concerned, it had not fulfilled their expectations. If contemporary accounts can be believed, the ideas entertained at the time of what reform was to effect were so extravagant that there could not fail to be much subsequent disappointment. But even reasonable and moderate men, who would have laughed to scorn the popular idea that a change in the representation would forthwith destroy poverty, were justly dissatisfied. The working masses discovered that they had very little, if anything, more of political power than they had before the reform bill, and that they had assisted in changing an oligarchy into a middle class monopoly. The change was one infinitely for the better, but it was not what they had expected or desired. Thus, imperceptibly almost, the attitude of the different classes in the state has changed. The middle class has virtually assumed a defensive instead of an offensive position; like any other class, having got power into its own hands, it wants to keep it, and looks jealously at any attempt to deprive it of its monopoly.

Of course such an explanation must be taken subject to many limitations. The middle class is such an enormous one in England, and shades off so imperceptibly into the aristocracy at one end and into the laboring population at the other, that it is almost impossible to define it by any distinct designation. Then, too, the leaders of the popular party belong almost without exception to the middle class; and, what complicates the question still further, this class is, on the whole, favorable to Liberalism—in the abstract. Nor are their liberal proclivities at all insincere. They wish sincerely to govern the country liberally, but they wish to keep the supreme power of government within their own hands, and they are sadly at a loss to reconcile this wish with their theoretical principles.

Under the present electoral laws the great middle class is most adequately represented. No doubt there are many anomalies by which individuals suffer exclusion from the franchise; but practically the class has no reason to complain. Now, by extending the franchise sufficiently to let in the working class to the electoral body, the whole distribution of political power will be altered. The numerical preponderance of laboring men over all and any other class in the country is so great that they would obtain that share in the representation at present enjoyed by the class above them. This is the plain English of the whole matter; and the more plain it is made to them, the less the middle class as a body like the idea. If the franchise were to be given to six-pound householders, the existing half million of voters would have to divide their power with another million of electors, all belonging to the operative section of the community.

Thus the contest on which the English people are now entering is really one for the transfer of power from the middle to the working class. If it were effected, the administration of the country would doubtless remain for years to come in the hands of the aristocracy, the squirearchy, and the upper ten thousand; the difference would be that the Government would necessarily be conducted with deference to the convictions and prejudices of the masses; and this difference would be a very great and a rapidly increasing one. Now this is a result for which the ruling classes are by no means prepared. The aristocracy are, of course, hostile to any alteration which tends inevitably to increase the power of the democratic element, and a very large section, if not a decided majority, of the middle classes are disposed to side with them. The Liberal party itself is divided on the question, and a very important and respectable section cannot make up its mind one way or the

other. The "thoughtful Liberals," as this section delights to call itself, are in a hopeless muddle. They are in the old dilemma that we have all been in as children—they want to eat their cake and have it. They feel the injustice of excluding working-men from the electoral body, and yet they cannot stomach the notion of giving them political power. So they suggest all kinds of ingenious devices, fancy franchises, plurality votes, representation of minorities, etc., by which the working classes should have a share in the representation, but only such a share as would leave the supremacy of the present holders of political power unaltered and unquestioned.

Meanwhile, the working classes themselves remain apparently indifferent. The reasons of this apparent unconcern are, we judge, twofold. In the first place, wages are and have been very high for the last few years, and though in particular districts there is great and long-continued distress, yet, on the whole, the condition of the working classes has improved so much under the influence of free trade that they are not disposed to agitation, and without agitation any solid reform is impossible. In the second place, the leaders of the reform movement have been so anxious to avoid alarming the upper classes, that they have lost no opportunity of asserting that they contemplated no radical changes of any kind. In so doing they have overshot their mark. They have not removed the instinctive dread entertained by the upper ten thousand of any change which would give the working men the power to return a majority of the House of Commons, and they have paralyzed the enthusiasm of the working classes. If it were true, as liberal organs of opinion perpetually assert, that everybody is very well contented with things as they are, and that a reformed Parliament would consist of much the same men and pursue much the same policy as the existing one, why, except as a matter of abstract sentiment, should the unrepresented classes care for a vote? Mr. Bright and his colleagues know perfectly well that a Parliament elected by working-men would do many things and leave many things undone which the present legislature would not dare to do; but till they can summon up courage to announce boldly the changes they hope to inaugurate by lowering the franchise, they cannot expect to create any enthusiasm for reform. In England the public is not to be moved for an abstract idea. If you declare that, with a six-pound rental qualification, you expect to establish compulsory secular education, to do away with the county magistracy, to establish the game laws, to inaugurate vote by ballot, or to make any sweeping vital change, you will arouse at once the most vehement and bitter opposition, but you will also create a popular feeling in favor of your proposal which may ultimately secure its success.

Now the House of Commons is, as usual, a very faithful representative of the classes by whom it is elected. There are a certain number of advanced Liberals who wish for a reform, because they know perfectly well it will make the Government more democratic in its character; but this section is a small though important minority. Five-sixths of the members, to say the very least, have no real wish for a reform bill at all. A great proportion are so hampered with hustings pledges, so bound by promises made in the hope that their fulfilment would never be called for, that they would gladly welcome any moderate measure which would release them from their obligations without entailing any fundamental change in the conditions of political power. It follows, therefore, that any bill which commends itself to the approbation of the House must be moderate; that is, must leave things as they are. Under these circumstances, the dilemma of the Government was obvious. If they proposed a bill which meant nothing, they alienated the advanced Liberals; if they introduced a bill which really transferred power from one class to another, they risked the danger of a fatal secession from the ministerial ranks. If at last they have made up their minds; it is due to a clever though unscrupulous piece of tactics on the part of the *Times*. The "leading journal" is bitterly opposed at heart to any idea of reform. It never loses an occasion of giving a back-handed blow at the advocates of an extension of the suffrage; and it has also some not very intelligible personal grievance against the Russell-Gladstone ministry. Rumor says that the cause of offense is the suspension of the favor shown to it in many respects by Lord Palmerston; but its enmity may far more plausibly be attributed to its intense dislike of democracy in any shape than to any personal feeling. The *Times* accordingly, on February 26th, aston-

ished the public by an announcement that, in consequence of the difficulties attending reform, Earl Russell was about to resign office, and that the Duke of Somerset was about to form a Liberal-Conservative administration. The report was at once indignantly denied, and, apparently, with perfect truth. But, in order to counteract the injury caused by it to the credit of the ministry, the Government were compelled to come to some immediate resolution about reform. So on the following night Mr. Gladstone announced that on the 12th of March he would introduce a bill for the alteration of the franchise. Thus the *Times* succeeded in its real object, and has pinned the Government down to a course of action which, in the opinion of that journal, will lead to the downfall of the ministry. It is in fact extremely doubtful whether any important increase will be made to the electoral body in the present temper of the public. But we believe this, even if it prove an abortive, attempt to admit the working classes to electoral rights is only the first step in a movement which will ultimately lead to a social revolution far more important than that introduced by the reform bill of 1832. It is from this point of view alone that the coming discussion can have any general interest for a non-English public.

MR. WORSLEY'S NIGHTMARE.

[HE having dedicated his translation of the "Iliad" to General R. E. Lee, late of the U. S. A., later of the C. S. A., "as the best living representative of its hero."]

WORSLEY.—(*Fallen into an uneasy after-dinner sleep.*)

Bless my soul! here's a singular dream!
Can it be I am dead and do n't know it?
That has happened ere now to a poet
Who thereafter wrote many a ream;
Is it certain to enter one's head,
When he is dead, to think that he's dead?
Here I am, or at any rate seem,
On the edge of a queer-looking stream
That would do very well for the Styx,
Or that one whom a nightmare fear eggeth on
Might imagine Cocytus or Phlegethon—
If it were, well, that would be a fix!
But perhaps an Homeric translator,
When he wakes up and sees that he's dead,
Would not feel any difference greater
Than the no-change that happened with lead
In the humbug they called transmutation:—
Is it death I've gone through or translation?
Or might all not result from the immersion
Of my wits for so long in my version?
If I'm dreaming, I'm mixing my classic
al attainments in maddest confusion;
'T is like pouring in Chian with Massie:
Aristophanes jumbles with Lucian,
I can scarce tell my Greek from my Latin;
Only nonsense of all sorts comes pat in,
And the whole makes a mess of my own ideas
Worse than I did of poor old Maionides.

(*He hears himself snore, and forthwith there enters his conception a*)

CHORUS OF FROGS.

Brekekex! Brekekex!

WORSLEY.

Heavens! what's that?
Perhaps I had best be conning a prayer
To the maker's name inside my hat,
As we Britons are wont in despair
At services long and parsons flat.

FROGS.

Brekekex! Brekekex! who goes there?

WORSLEY.

Please your Frogships, Homer's last translator:
I've done it in metre that's called Spenserian.

FROGS.

Which, used by a bore 's a precious dreary one.
Onk! Onk! we wish you *might* be the last!
He 's as like himself, when so recast,
As one of us to Jupiter Stator:
Why, because one can croak, d'ye think it follows
That one should set himself up to practise
A cavatina of Phœbus Apollo's,
With voice as rough as a nutmeg-grater?

WORSLEY.

Ahem! well, my friends, you see the fact is,
We English are always taught to seek
For that inspiration in the Greek,
Which, when your literature was great, your
Authors could somehow find in nature:
Our whole scheme of training takes such pains
To make merest Attics of our brains,
That after all of our plague and fuss
Pure nature 's all heathen Greek to us.

FROGS.

Brekekex! Attie, eh? say Boeotian: "
Scarce a grain of *that* salt in your ocean!
Some Greeks, friend, believed in transmigrations,
And get 'em, by Jove, in your translations!

WORSLEY.

A theory downright Jacobinical!
Can it be that my brain, as it often is,
Is but brimful of old Aristophanes,
And, infect with his humor so cynical,
Is colored by what it doth brood on?
Why, I'm thinking as wildly as Proudhon!

FROGS.

Brekekex! Coix! do n't fear a bit!
'T is n't infectious; *he* was a wit.
Brekekex! Coix! This world is a hoix,
Version poor of an excellent hit!

WORSLEY.

Nay, this is profane: I'll hear no more on 't;
If a trick of my brain, I'll shut the door on 't.

(*Enter Bacchus, pretending tipsiness, in Charon's boat.*)

BACCHUS.

If I were to meet with old Silenus
We could n't tell which was which between us;
Cocktails and juleps! smashes and slings!
I've got so somehow with those Yankees
(They've such a talent at mixing things),
I can't make out where the gangway plank is;
It wavers and rises and falls and swings
Like one of my choruses dithyrambic,
Where you can't tell trochaic from iambic. (*He lands.*)
Well, the confounded rope-dance is past,
And here I am on the shore at last,
Safe escaped out of Erebus's low air,
With a kind of peristaltic motion,
A devious looseness in my knees,
A general tendency to nowhere,
That gives to firm earth the flux of ocean:
In such a case a gargle of—Bourbon,
I think they call it—will help to curb one: (*Drinking.*)
Good ferrers to le' me have a bottle,
For I am as dry as Aristotle!
Hallo! what 's *your* name?

WORSLEY.

My name is Worsley; (*Solemnly.*)
Translator, sir, of the last new Homer.

BACCHUS.

And, by this bottle, 't is no mianomer!
You could n' ha' made the statemen' terveller,

For nobody 'll ever translate him worselier ;
 He 's one o' those skinkers, as I divine, (*Aside.*)
 That mixes water with rare old wine ;
 And, thus baptizing it by immersion,
 Christens the puling result a version.
 I say, my friend, do you chance to know
 What *we* tempered our wine with, ages ago ?
 Put some *salt* in the water, and that
 Saved the new product from tasting flat :
 You 're surprised ? Well, sure as my name's Lyæus,
 You 'll find it so stated in Athenæus.

WORSLEY.—(*Aside.*)

Ah, this comes of taking too much claret ;
 If 't was n't a dream I could n't bear it.

BACCHUS.

Well, Misser Worsley,
 I warn you firs'tly
 (Solemnly, too ; you think I am merry),
 As you seem meaning to cross the ferry,
 Where Charon does *his* job of translation
 In the true, legitimate, stolid way, *
 So many verses (or trips) every day,
 Without depression, without elation,
 And no more change in his rhythm of oars
 Than in that contractor's measure of yours,
 That metes its phrase like a soldier's ration,—
 I say, Misser Worsley,
 I warn you firs'tly,
 That Hector is waiting you, mad as thunder,
 As those Yankees say, at your dedication ;
 On the other side he 's taken station,
 Vowing he 'll tear your ghost's limbs asunder,
 Full of black bile as a theologian,
 Cursing and swearing,
 Ripping and tearing,
 In the strongest phrase of ancient Trojan,
 And I guess you 'd berrer stan' from under !

(*Erit Bacchus.*)

FROGS.

Brekekex ! Brekekex ! look out, Worsley ;
 Heroes are apt to behave perversely ;
 If you meet Homer, we warn you, too,
 Keep clear of *him*, whatever you do !

WORSLEY.

I 'm in for 't now, and have got to go,
 Though the outlook 's rather squally or so :
 Here you, honest fellow, what 's your fee ?

(*Hailing Charon.*)

CHARON.

An obolus, mostly ; but then, you see,
 Sometimes there 's special deductions made ;
 For when a man 's been nothing on earth,
 Nothing 's as much as the job is worth ;
 It 's *gratis* always for those in the trade,
 And I understood, from Bacchus there,
 Your business has been in the upper air
 What my own down here is, more or less,—
 Piloting folks to forgetfulness.
 But what 's that bundle under your arm ?

WORSLEY.

Why, nothing that *could* do any harm ;
 A few poor ghosts of my new translation ;
 I did up some half a dozen copies,
 To have a few just for presentation.

CHARON.

Lethe once tasted, ghosts need no poppies :
 Leave 'em behind you there on the levee,
 And nobody 'll touch 'em, I 'll be bound :
 What good in dying, if all the bevy
 Of life's poor failures, and duns, and bores,

Could follow, to haunt us underground ?
 For a boat like mine, such verse as yours,
 Though disembodied, were quite too heavy.
 Come ! in with you ! I 've no time to wait ;
 I 've three more trips yet, and it 's getting late.
 You 're English, eh ? (*Talking as he rows.*)

WORSLEY.

Yes.

CHARON.

So I could swear !
 You 've most of you such a stuck-up air,
 And somehow look down on all creation
 As if you were each the British nation ;
 Doer of everything under the sun,
 From taking Troy to the last bad pun.
 Once get your white chokers under your chins,
 What conscience you *do* have for other folks' sins !

WORSLEY.—(*Aside.*)

A most uncommonly vulgar hind !
 We *have* done everything, time out of mind,
 And so little boastful, modest elves,
 That nobody knows it but ourselves.
 If we should brag like the Yankees and French—

CHARON.

Come, be packing ! Art grown to the bench ?
 Why, John Bull thinks e'en the lower regions
 Must pay his comfort proper allegiance !

(*Enter Hector and to him a crowd of American ghosts just landed.*)

SPIRIT OF SMITH.—(*Spits and speaks.*)

General Hector, 't would make us proud,
 If my friends and I might be allowed
 To take so great a man by the hand,
 And we 'd be grateful, if you 'n' your staff,
 Would favor us each with an autograph :
 My name is Smith, sir. I 'll take my stand
 And introduce 'em all as they land.
 Gentlemen sperrits, you 'll step this way
 And shake the general's hand, I say.

HECTOR.—(*After the presentation of three thousand.*)

By Jove ! I feel like an old town-pump ;
 I never was in such a scrape as this ! (*Aside.*)
 Allow me, good sirs, to have the bliss
 Of greeting the others in a lump ;
 And as for autographs, to my shame,
 I never e'en learned to write my name ;
 I lived in the ages, you know, called dark,
 When men had a way of making their mark.

SPIRIT OF SMITH.—(*Spits and speaks.*)

Well, I hope you won't decide adversely
 On one request I shall put to your vote—
 That 's to present my friend, Mister Worsley,
 I made his acquaintance on the boat :
 I rather guess it 's likely you know him—
 Author of "Homer," a first-class poem.

WORSLEY.—(*Aside.*)

Confound his impudence ! But for him,
 I might have slept by : my chance is slim.
 Acquaintance, indeed ! I 'd like to know
 If he makes 'em by treading on one's toe ?
 For no more, no less, that I could see,
 Was all of his introduction to me !

HECTOR.

Ah, here, then, I have you ; come at last !
 My staff has been longing, these three months' past,
 To measure the back of that dedicator
 Who likened me to the double traitor,
 False to his country, false to his oath,
 Me, who 'd have given my life for both !

*Me, who no omens could understand
But those that said, Fight for Fatherland!
Achilles dragged but my dust in dust;
You insult my soul without reason,
Coupling my name with a broken trust,
Dabbling my fame in the lees of treason.*

WORSLEY.—(*Aside.*)

That swelling nostril I hardly like,
Nor the look that makes me too mean to strike:
I never felt worselier since I was born,
Between my fears of his staff and scorn.

HECTOR.

Did he war bravely? The more his shame:
And, once men take their side with wrong,
Their guilt stalks behind them, stern and strong,
And despair may win fair valor's name.
Courage is mostly a thing in the veins;
'Tis Valor that lives in the poet's strains,
Valor that stands for the right and true,
A thing unconceived by such as you!
Was *his*, then, your notion of the bravery
That swells in deathless echoes of song?
Forth from my presence, poor snob of slavery,
Herd with the dull souls where you belong!
Study that bible you call the Peerage,
Get what salvation therefrom you can,
Nor come near me, lest I pay the arrearage
Due to your ribs from an honest man.

(*Mr. Worsley awakes in terror, but gradually composes himself by reading a few pages of his translation of Homer.*)

J. R. L.

THE THEATRES.

WHY is the theatre the insignificant institution that it is among us? We take for granted that it is insignificant, and can enter into no argument on that point. There is no one to argue that question with but the actors, and they are the last persons with whom one would think of arguing any question of social importance. The great writers, the Massingers, Fords, Otways, Ben Jonsons, Sheridans, the Racines, Corneilles, Molières, no longer write for the stage, because its productions hold no place in literature. The great critics do not think it worth while to exercise their acumen on its performances. The magazines allow no space to its interests. Even the daily press hardly notices its representations, or notices them under the name of "amusements." The educated men and women, people of culture and refinement, never frequent the theatres, and are rarely seen there. The audiences are made up chiefly of strangers in the city and of that class of people who find the opera an entertainment either too expensive or too refined for their taste. After all that Booth has lately done for it among us, the theatre has no place in the regards of the literary, the elegant, or the fashionable.

There must be good reasons for this, and in our judgment they are not far to seek. The theatre is not so much respected in our generation as it was in the last because it has not the place in our generation that it had in the last. It is not marked by the characteristics of the age or in communication with the spirit of the age, where that spirit is peculiar. If anything distinguishes the epoch we live in, it is a decided tendency towards realism, or, as some call it, naturalism—a disposition to be severely true to nature. This character is stamped on all the genuine products of the time. The artist paints nature; the poet draws his inspiration and takes his theme from the sentiments of ordinary existence, and tries to set common humanity to music; prose composition in every kind is direct and simple; the best literary style is the most unaffected style. Even the pulpit, which is usually the most stubborn in its resistance to the new genius, whatever it may be, feels the tone of this tendency and yields to it. The preacher studies to lay aside the sententious declamatory style of the fathers, uses his natural voice in a natural way, talks right on, and in all he says seems to mean business. It is conceded that the conversational manner is the best for him. In the lecture-room, on the platform, mouthing and gesticulation no longer pass current with the most appreciative assemblies. The stage alone betrays an unconsciousness of the change that has come over the tastes of the people. The theatres are smaller, as if intended for the exhibition of the quiet social life of our age instead of the grand heroic life which the drama of the last

century loved to display; the stage itself is narrower, as if for lowered voices and more familiar action among the players, but otherwise the new order of things is not recognized. The actors hitch and strut after the old manner; mouth and drawl and rant, do everything with their voices but use them as gentlemen and ladies do; make horrible grimaces and saw the air with their hands in a most unnatural manner; they neither enter a room, nor leave it, nor walk across it; they neither sit nor stand, neither salute nor converse, as ordinary men and women do those things. The stage appointments are bad. There is no skill in arranging parlors to look like the rooms people live in. The plays are poor, not born of the social experiences nor representing the manners of the time. If they have merit, they were written by the authors of the last generation, and cannot be acted naturally; if they can be acted naturally they have no merit, because they present unattractive or low phases of social life. Few of the good plays are modern—little of the acting, therefore, is modern. But it will not do for the playwright to live in one century and the play-actor in another. The French understand this, and they have a theatre genuine in its kind, legitimate, fascinating as theatre ever was, probably more so, and yet entirely within the compass of modern experience. The play represents a bit of real life, and the players show their talent by the perfect skill with which they mimic real life. The French theatre is a most charming entertainment for cultivated people, and cultivated people frequent it. Even here in New York, where the French stage falls far below the best Parisian standard, it attracts a crowd of ladies and gentlemen who are never seen within the walls of any other play-house in the city, and who seldom regret the hour or two they spend there, because the play and the players come within easy reach of their sympathies. Actors and spectators recognize each other as belonging to the same humanity, living in the same epoch, and sharing the same experiences, and that is more than can be said of any other theatre in the city, not even excepting the Winter Garden in its best estate.

Here we are persuaded is the secret of the failure, and failure here involves failure elsewhere, every kind of failure. For to make amends for this radical defect, which they will not or cannot cure, the managers of theatres appeal to the love of amusement in its cheapest, gaudiest form, and try to catch the interest of the people without engaging their minds. The eye is dazzled by tawdry spectacles. Every kind of fancy is brought in to make the show novel. Comedy, burlesque, extravaganza, absurdity, caricature, dumb-show burlesque, and picturesque are overworked. Ideas are excluded or so covered up with affectations and drolleries that the people shall not be reminded of real life or aught thereto pertaining. Their risibles, not their intellects, are addressed. We are not taking any high position or claiming any elevated mission for the stage, as if it should undertake to instruct or edify the public. We are willing to concede that its great function is to amuse. This has always been its function in modern society. Whatever it may have been in the classic ages, the theatre in the last century or centuries, in the time of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare even, looked toward this end, it is probable, and toward no other. People went to the play-house for entertainment, and they found it in the romantic drama with its heroic personages, its sententious moralities, and its high-flown declamations. Such a drama would not amuse us much; it would more likely bore us past endurance. But is it necessary that, in order to amuse us, the theatre should treat us as if we were children, who could be entertained with nothing but the gaudiest spectacle or the broadest farce? Is there no amusement without fanciful tricks or side-shaking laughter? Is the comical, the grotesque, or the impossible a necessary element in entertainment? Grant that the uneducated part of the people desire this and will welcome nothing better, is the theatre designed for the uneducated part of the people only, and is it satisfied when it can reach them at their lowest point of unrefinement and can give them just what they desire and no more? Surely others than the vulgar wish to be amused and need to be, and they are easily satisfied too; it is only necessary to mingle talent, wit, sprightliness, intelligent observation, delicate criticism, and some perception of character with their entertainment, and they will be entertained. But they do demand this. To say that the stage is what the people make it, and that it must be content to follow the popular taste, instead of leading it, is to say what we are not anxious to dispute. Our complaint is that it does not accomplish as much as this. It simply follows the most vitiated taste, and does that badly. There is a demand for the stage among cultivated people, as the French theatre proves. Why not meet this demand? Why not "pander" to this taste? Why not have plays that will interest the better portion of the middle, even of the working classes, and playing that will have sufficient vitality and grace to charm them? There is no reason why not, except that theatrical managers choose to make money in the easiest way, and if they can fill their houses with decently-behaved audiences, give little care or thought to the perfec-

tion of their art or the extension of their influence among the better class.

We should like to say something of the moral influence of the theatre, but it is hard to say what we feel like saying now; it is hard to say anything on the subject wisely, usefully, and well. The theatre, perhaps, can never be expected to do more than reflect the moral sentiment, and catch the moral tone, of the society it belongs to. It is not its business to preach; it is not a censor or a judge. Its duty, let it be conceded, is merely to hold the mirror up to nature. But then its mirror should not be cracked, or clouded with film, or covered with dust. And it should be held up so as to reflect "good" nature, as the artists call it. It should show the actual morals of real life, be they what they may be. Several generations ago, when the customs and manners of social life were artificial in the extreme; when it was the fashion in ordinary conversation, in private intercourse, and even in familiar letter-writing between friends and relatives, to use a stilted phraseology; when ladies and gentlemen, in parlors, indulged in high-flown sentimentalities about virtue; when preachers and public orators generally dealt in flowery paragraphs, and choice moralities were current from lip to lip, the playwrights very properly mimicked the habit, and the players deemed it part of their vocation, as of course it was, to roll out the swelling periods with unction, and give to virtue its meed of exalted praise. We never do this now in ordinary life; the man who does it is voted a Pharisee or a prig. Even ministers feel the unreality of it. Why should the stage alone keep up the out-worn tradition? Or why should the stage, sensible that the tradition is out-worn, and conscious that the high vaulting moralities fall flat, go straightway to the other extreme, and let it be understood that honest, sincere, genuine virtue is a thing not to be found or looked for in ordinary life or among real people? Why, from chastising vice with long, involved periods, have they taken up the task not of soberly chastising but of ridiculing and caricaturing human nature itself? Why, under the guise of correcting bad morals, do they somehow succeed in shocking good ones? Why, instead of making men and women ashamed of being hypocrites, liars, plotters, knaves, buffoons, do they make them ashamed of being men and women? The old way of scourging vice on the stage proceeded on the assumption not only that vice was a thing to be scourged, but that virtue was powerful enough to scourge it, and that men and women were virtuous enough to bear the scourging and be thankful. The new way of scourging vice on the stage seems to proceed on the assumption that all are vicious; that, if the truth were told, none are virtuous, and the glee occasioned by the whipping is simply the glee which one set of rogues takes from seeing another set of rogues get their deserts. The stage portrays the vices and the virtues of the most vicious and the least virtuous classes in society. It would escape from such a falsification of truth if it would undertake to represent comprehensively human life in all its phases as it goes on about us, at home and abroad. People are no less virtuous now than they have been formerly; on the contrary, we believe they are much more so, and nothing more would be required to elevate the moral character of the stage than a faithful delineation of the actual character of refined social existence.

A critic in the first February number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of the current year, writing on the morals of the stage, says: "Let any one, on coming away from one of our popular theatres, examine himself, and he will confess that he has been wounded in the very heart and stung undefinably in the noblest part of him. He has been amused; he has been at moments even touched; this scene has been charming, that was animated with a fine spirit, yet another was full of just perceptions and witty sayings. But he is dissatisfied, and he feels that he has a right to be." Few persons on leaving one of our theatres could honestly say that they had been charmed or touched or impressed by passages of truth or wit. They might say they had been amused; they would, probably, if they were candid; they would, certainly, if they were earnest, say they had been wounded and shocked. The writer in question justifies his verdict by an analysis and criticism of several of the most popular dramas, and comes to the conclusion that a low idea of human nature can alone explain the debasement he deplures. For this low idea of human nature he does not hold the age responsible so much as the laws and institutions under which the French people live. The stage may not be unjust to society, but society has no chance to do justice to itself. The case does not stand so with us. Here society has full opportunity to do justice to itself, but it receives no justice at the hands of playwrights and play-actors. No one could guess from our theatres what our world was like; and the world does quite right in letting them severely alone. Our dramas are not even American in the most distant sense. With one or two exceptions, they are English and English adaptations from the French. They portray, therefore, English life and French

life, as it was their duty and purpose to do. Whether they do that well or ill is a matter that concerns English and French critics more than it does us. English and French life are very different in almost all respects from American life. All the forms of society are different. Institutions and customs, morals and manners, dress and carriage, are wholly unlike. The transplanting of the theatre is as illegitimate as the transplanting of the journal, the bar, or the platform. The French stage pleases not because it is French, but because it is finished in art. An American stage equally excellent would please so much the more. The theatre will not be real till it is grown on our soil. When it is born of American life, it will represent American society, and cultivated people will be its hearty patrons.

A HALF-HOUR AT HERCULANEUM.

THE road from Naples to Herculaneum is, in fact, one long street; it hardly ceases to be city in Naples till it is town at Portici, and in the interval it is suburb, running between palatial lines of villas, which all have their names ambitiously painted over their doors. Great part of the distance this street is bordered by the bay, and, as far as this is the case, it is picturesque, as everything is belonging to marine life in Italy. Everywhere seafaring people go lounging up and down among the fishermen's boats drawn up on the shore, and the fishermen's wives making nets, and the fishermen's children playing and clambering over both, while over all flap and flutter the clothes hung on poles to dry. In this part of the street there are, of course, oysters, and grapes, and oranges, and cactus-pulps, and cutlery, and iced drinks to sell at various booths; and commerce is exceedingly dramatic and boisterous over the bargains she offers there; and equally, of course, murderous drinking shops lurk at intervals along the pavement, and lure into their recesses mariners of foreign birth, briefly ashore from their ships. The New York Coffee House is there to attract my maritime fellow-countrymen, and I know that if I look into that place of refreshment I shall see their honest, foolish faces flushed with drink, and the excitement of buying the least they can for the most money. Poor souls! they shall drink that pleasant morning away in the society of Antonino the best of Neapolitans, and at midnight, emptied of every soldo, shall arise, wrung with a fearful suspicion of treachery, and wander away under Antonino's guidance to seek the protection of the consul; or, taking the law into their own hands, shall proceed to clean out, *more Americano*, the New York Coffee House, where Antonino shall develop into one of the landlords, and deal them the most artistic stab in Naples: handsome, worthy Antonino, tender-eyed, subtle, pitiless!

II.

Where the road to Herculaneum leaves the bay and its seafaring life, it enters, between the walls of lofty, fly-blown houses, a world of macaroni haunted by foul odors, beggars, poultry, and insects. There were few people to be seen on the street, but through the open doors of the lofty fly-blown houses we saw floury legions at work making macaroni: grinding macaroni, rolling it, cutting it, hanging it in mighty skeins to dry, and gathering it when dried, and putting it away. By the frequency of the wine-shops we judged that the legions were a thirsty host, and by the number of the barber-surgeons' shops that they were a plethoric and too full-blooded host. I think the latter were in the proportion of one to five of the former; and the artist who had painted their signs had indulged his fancy in wild excesses of phlebotomy. We had found that, as we came south from Venice, science grew more and more sanguinary in Italy, and more and more disposed to let blood. At Ferrara, even, the propensity began to be manifest on the barbers' signs, which displayed the device of an arm lanced at the elbow, and jetting the blood by a neatly described parabola into a tumbler. Further south the same arm was seen to bleed at the wrist also; and at Naples an exhaustive treatment of the subject appeared, the favorite study of the artist being to represent a nude figure reclining in a genteel attitude on a bank of pleasant green sward, and bleeding from his elbows, wrists, hands, ankles, and feet.

Phlebotomy and the manufacture of macaroni may be distinct branches of industry at Naples, and I do not deny that they are; but I have never in my own mind been able to dissociate them since the day of my ride to Herculaneum.

III.

In Naples everywhere one is surprised by the great number of English names which appear on business-houses, but it was entirely bewildering to read a bill affixed to the gate of one of the villas on this road: "This Desirable Property for Sale." I should scarcely have cared to buy that desirable property, though the neighborhood seemed to be a favorite summer

resort, and there were villas, as I said, nearly the whole way to Portici. Those villas which stood with their gardens towards the bay would have been tolerable, no doubt, if they could have kept their windows shut to the vile street before their doors; but the houses opposite could have had no escape from its stench and noisomeness. It was absolutely the filthiest street I have seen anywhere outside of New York, excepting only that little street which, in Herculaneum, leads from the theatre to the house of Argo. This pleasant avenue has a stream of turbid water in its centre, bordered by begging children, and is either fouler or cleaner for the water, but I shall never know which. It is at a depth of some fifty or sixty feet below the elevation on which the present city of Portici is built, and is part of the excavation made long ago to reach the plain on which Herculaneum stands, buried under its half-score of successive layers of lava, and ashes, and Portici. We had the aid of all the virtuous poverty and leisure of the modern town—there was a vast deal of both, we found—in our search for the staircase by which you descend to the classic plain, and we found it a discovery involving the outlay of all the copper coin about us, while the sight of the famous theatre of Herculaneum was much more expensive than it would have been had we come there in the old time to see a play of Plautus or Terence. As for the theatre, "the large and highly ornamented theatre" of which I read, only a little while ago, in an encyclopedia, we found it, by the light of our candles, a series of gloomy hollows, of the general complexion of coal-bins and potato-cellars. It was never perfectly dug out of the lava, and it is known how it was filled up, together with other excavations, when they once threatened to endanger the foundations of worthless Portici overhead. I am amused to find myself so hot upon the poor property-holders of Portici. I suppose I should not myself, even for the cause of antiquity and the knowledge of classic civilization, like to have my house tumbled about my ears. But though it was impossible in the theatre of Herculaneum to gain any idea of its size or richness, I remembered then the magnificent bronzes which had been found in it, and did a hasty reverence to the place. Indeed, it is amazing, when one sees how small a part of Herculaneum has been uncovered, to consider the number of fine works of art in the Museo Borbonico which were taken thence, and which argue a much richer and more refined community than that of Pompeii. A third of the latter city has now been restored to the light of day; but though it has yielded abundance of all the things that illustrate the domestic and public life, and the luxury and depravity of those old times, and has given the once secret rooms of the museum their worst attraction, it still falls far below Herculaneum in the value of its contributions to the treasures of classic art, except only in the variety and beauty of its exquisite frescoes. The effect of this fact is to stimulate the imagination of the visitor to that degree that nothing short of the instant destruction of Portici and the excavation of all Herculaneum will satisfy him. If the opening of one theatre, and the uncovering of a basilica and two or three houses, have given such richness to us, what delight and knowledge would not the removal of these obdurate hills of ashes and lava bestow!

Emerging from the coal-bins and potato-cellars, the visitor extinguishes his candle with a pathetic sigh, profusely rewards the custodian (whom he connects in some mysterious way with the ancient population of the injured city about him), and, thoughtfully removing the tallow from his fingers, follows the course of the vile stream already sung, and soon arrives at the gate opening into the exhumed quarter of Herculaneum. And there he finds a custodian who enters perfectly into his feelings; a custodian who has once been a guide in Pompeii, but now despises that wretched town, and would not be guide there for any money, since he has known the superior life of Herculaneum; who, in fine, feels towards Pompeii as a Bostonian feels towards New York. Yet the reader would be wrong to form the idea that there is bitterness in the disdain of this custodian. On the contrary, he is one of the best-natured men in the world. He is a mighty mass of pinguous bronze, with a fat lip, and a broad, sun-flower smile, and he lectures us with a vast and genial breadth of manner on the ruins, contradicting all our guesses at things with a sweet "Perdoni, signori! ma ——" At the end, we find that he has some medallions of lava to sell: there is Victor Emanuel, or, if we are of the *partito d'azione*, there is Garibaldi; both warm yet from the crater of Vesuvius, and of the same material which destroyed Herculaneum. We decline to buy, and the custodian makes the national shrug and grimace (signifying that we are masters of the situation, and he washes his hands of the consequences of our folly) on the largest scale that we have ever seen; his mighty hands are rigidly thrust forth, his great lip protruded, his enormous head thrown back to bring his face on a level with his chin. The effect is tremendous, but we, nevertheless, feel that he loves us the

IV.

The afternoon on which we visited Herculaneum was in melancholy contrast to the day we spent in Pompeii. The lingering summer had at last saddened into something like autumnal gloom, and that blue, blue sky of Naples was overcast. So, this second draught of the spirit of the past had not only something of the insipidity of custom, but brought rather a depression than a lightness to our hearts. There was so little of Herculaneum: only a few hundred yards square are exhumed, and we counted the houses easily on the fingers of one hand, leaving the thumb to stand for the few rods of street that, with its flagging of lava and narrow border of foot-walks, lay between; and though the custodian, apparently moved at our dejection, said that the excavation was to be resumed the very next week, the assurance did little to restore our cheerfulness. Indeed, I fancy that these old cities must needs be seen in the sunshine by those who would feel what gay lives they had once led; by dimmer light they are very sullen spectres, and their doom still seems to brood upon them. I know that even Pompeii could not have been joyous that sunless afternoon, for what there was to see of mournful Herculaneum was as brilliant with colors as anything in the former city. Nay, I believe that the tints of the frescoes and painted columns were even brighter, and the walls of the houses were far less ruinous than those of Pompeii. But no house was wholly freed from lava, and the little street ran at the rear of the buildings which were supposed to front on some grander avenue not yet exhumed. It led down, as the custodian pretended, to a wharf, and he showed an iron ring in the wall of the house of Argo, standing at the end of the street, to which, he said, his former fellow-citizens used to fasten their boats, though it was all dry enough there now.

There is evidence in Herculaneum of much more ambitious domestic architecture than seems to have been known in Pompeii. The ground-plan of the houses in the two cities is alike; but in the former there was often a second story, as was proven by the charred ends of beams still protruding from the walls, while in the latter there is only one house which is thought to have aspired to a second floor. The house of Argo is also much larger than any in Pompeii, and its appointments were much more magnificent. Indeed, we imagined that in this more purely Greek town we felt an atmosphere of better taste in everything than prevailed in the fashionable Roman watering-place, though this, too, was a summer resort of the "best society of the empire." The mosaic pavements were exquisite, and the little bed-chambers dainty and delicious in their decorations. The lavish delight in color found expression in the vivid reds upon the walls, and not only were the columns of the garden painted, but the foliage of the capitals was tinted of various hues. The garden of Argo's house was vaster than any of the classic world which we had yet seen, and was superb with a long colonnade of unbroken columns. Between these and the walls of the houses was a pretty pathway of mosaic, and in the midst once stood marble tables, under which the workmen exhuming the city found certain crouching skeletons. At one end was the dining-room, of course, and painted on the wall was a lady with a parasol. I thought all Herculaneum sad enough, but the profusion of flowers growing wild in this garden gave it a yet more tender and pathetic charm. Here—where so long ago the flowers had bloomed, and perished in the terrible blossoming of the mountain that sent up its fires in the awful similitude of nature's harmless and lovely forms, and showered its destroying petals all abroad—was it not tragic to find again the soft tints, the graceful shapes, the sweet perfumes of the earth's immortal life? And of them that planted and tended and plucked and bore in their bosoms and twined in their hair these fragile children of the summer, what witness in the world? Only the crouching skeletons under the tables. Alas and alas! Master Poet, lend us your rhymes and your handkerchief.

V.

The skeletons went with us throughout Herculaneum, and descended into the cell, all green with damp, under the basilica, and lay down, fettered and manacled, beside the big bronze kettle there in which the prisoners used to cook their dinners. How ghastly the jolly thought of it was? If we had really seen this kettle and the skeletons there—as we did not—we could not have suffered more. They took all the life out of the house of Perseus, and the beauty from his pretty little domestic temple to the Penates, and this was all there was left in Herculaneum to see.

"Is there nothing else?" we demand of the custodian.

"Signori, this is all."

"It is mighty little."

"Perdoni, signori—ma!"

"Well," we say sourly to each other, glancing round at the walls of the pit, on the bottom of which the bit of city stands, "it is a good thing to know that Herculaneum amounts to nothing."

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.
FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXXIV.

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 8, 1866.

I SET out from Baton Rouge for Vicksburg and the North on the steamboat *Columbian*. At the place where I went aboard, as at most other points, she followed the fashion of Mississippi steamboats, and made the landing with more haste than ceremony. It was pleasant to look on one Southern scene full of business-like activity and bustle—the bow scraped the bank, gangway planks were instantly pushed out, freight was rolled ashore in a hurry, people crowded aboard, jostling each other to beg a late newspaper from the clerk; the steam, all the time roaring and hissing, made the boat itself seem impatient to be off, and at the end of five minutes we were making for the middle stream.

The few passengers were mostly Northerners bound for St. Louis. One reads of the strange characters, of the gambling and hard drinking on these river boats, and I looked for something of the kind, but saw nothing of it; everything was orderly and commonplace. We were going up "against a rise," I was told, so that the water was thicker than usual with mud, and great quantities of driftwood were carried past us on the strong current, but our rate of speed was nearly eight miles an hour. Let the traveller forget that not unlikely he may be scalded to death or blown to pieces, and a voyage up the river is pleasant travelling, if only because one is constantly astonished at the grandeur and immensity of the stream, recognizes the river as a wonder of nature, and because, as he sails for days after days on into the heart of a continent, he is forced to see the vastness of the country and to think of its wealth and strength in the future.

I became acquainted with but one of my fellow-passengers. He was a man from Maine, and was then on his way home again from Texas, whither he had gone at the end of the war. He had been a photographer, he said, in Austin, and away down there that was a very profitable occupation; pictures commanded big prices. He'd have liked to stay there if the people had been a little more reasonable; but they were so down on Yankees that he was a little afraid to risk it, and, as he had been offered a good price for his gallery, he decided to sell out and get away. The soldiers were there now, but nobody knew how long they'd remain; as soon as they should go, all the Yankees that did not want to turn rebels would have to go too. A regular Yankee soon finds out how he's looked down on, and he do n't trust them. He himself had learned to carry a pistol all the time; everybody had to do it, and a Yankee in particular ought to go armed. Here was an example of the way in which they felt: One day he was in his back room, finishing a picture, and a couple of ladies walked into the reception room and began to examine the specimens. It so happened that he had photographed a good many of the officers, and he heard one lady say, "Why it's a regular Yankee concern. 'Most every picture is some beast of a Yank.'" That was a kind of talk that always made him mad; he'd heard about enough of it, so he stepped out and said, "Madam, if those officers are Yankees, they are all gentlemen." The women walked off disgusted, and would not have anything done. It was that style of thing that disgusted him with the Southerners. At one time they were decent, comparatively. "We're whipped," you'd hear 'em say—"fightin' 's played." But after the women folks got hold of them the men gave up all that, and now men and women were about alike—more disloyal than they were in '60. The niggers were going to have a good time.

This person's view of these matters was the same with that of an intelligent Northerner, whom I met in Baton Rouge. He had been travelling from Ohio to Louisiana, to seek for the remains of some unfortunate friends of his who had perished miserably in a steamboat explosion, and whose bodies, it was possible, might be found at some point between Vicksburg and the Gulf. His search had brought him into contact with all sorts of persons in several States, and he had endeavored to find out as much as possible about the opinions and feelings of the Southern people. I asked him to let me know his conclusions.

"You must understand," said he, "that in 1860 I was a strong Douglas man. I did n't like Lincoln, and the abolitionists I hated; but, of course, I was Union. As the war went on I began to believe in Lincoln, and, by the time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I had been educated up to it and endorsed it. As a war measure, I mean; that was how Mr. Lincoln regarded it, and so did I. Well, since the war ended I've been a conservative; I've considered Stevens and Sumner dangerous men, who did n't understand the South, wanted to humble it and so on, and were standing in the way of peace. I believed what we used to hear, that the North did n't understand the South. I believe it yet, but in a very different sense. This

journey has been the greatest that I ever experienced. I came out with the kindest feelings for these people down here; I wanted to see it made easy; we had whipped them, and I wanted it to rest there. I thought the South wanted it to end there. But I was tremendously mistaken. They hate us and despise us and all belonging to us. They call us cut-throats, liars, thieves, vandals, cowards, and the very scum of the earth. They actually believe it. They won't even allow that we won our own battles. 'We were overpowered by numbers,' they say; 'of course we could n't fight all Europe.' They've said that to me more than fifty times within the last few weeks. And they say that they are the gentlemen; we are amalgamationists, mudsills, vandals, and so forth. And I've heard and seen more brag, and lying, and profanity, and cruelty, down here, than I ever saw or heard before in all my life. The only people I find that a Northern man can make a friend of, the only ones that like the Government and believe in it, are the negroes. I'm convinced they can vote just as intelligently as the poor whites. A Southerner would knock me down if I said that to him; but it's true. I tell you I'm going home to be a radical. Fight the devil with fire. I've learned to hate Southerners as I find them, and they can hate me if they want to. I'm a Sumner man after I get back, and I shall write out my experience for some of our papers. Every man that's seen what I've seen ought to let it be known. 'The North do n't understand the South,' you know, and I'm going to help our people to see two or three things: that the chivalry hate us and despise us; that a 'nigger' they do n't consider human; that whatever harm they can do us without getting another whipping, they've got the will to do, and mean to do, too. I wish every county in the North would send out two men, who have the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and make them travel through the South and report the true condition of things. They could n't make a true report without changing every honest administration man into a radical. I know what I was when I came out, but I could n't resist the evidence of my own senses."

It was eight o'clock in the morning when we reached Vicksburg, and it was not till the following morning that we could fully perceive the repulsiveness of the place. On that night, however, the landlord of the principal hotel assisted us to form a correct notion of it. He walked into the hall or office where most of his guests were assembled, and cried out in a loud voice as he walked up and down through the crowd, "Gentlemen, I warn you to take care of your money. Hardly a night passes that some gentleman in the house is not robbed. Let me beg you to look out for your money." Upon this my next neighbor said to me, "These d—d niggers, you see"—a reference to the waiters. But in fact the rooms contained two or three beds, and no one knew whether his room-mate was not a Vicksburg gambler or one of the people who make the city streets unsafe after nightfall.

On the next morning I walked about the place, observing with curiosity the singular bluff on which the town stands and overlooks many miles of the surrounding lowlands; and saw the semi-circular sweep of the Federal earthworks. In the streets there are still vestiges of the innermost lines of the besieged, and also of the caves or burrows in which people hid themselves from Grant's shot and shell. Not much, I suppose, has been done to remove the traces of the siege, and, if so, it is evident that the city suffered little by it.

The day was chilly, and in the afternoon I sat before the red-hot stove in one of the hotels and listened to one of those conversations which so displease most Northern travellers in the South. Perhaps a dozen people sat within hearing of the three speakers. Of the latter two were elderly men of good appearance, and the third was a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, with a dyed moustache and insolent manners, who chewed tobacco and nursed one of his small feet, while, without modesty or hesitation, he engrossed the principal part in the conversation.

"Well," said one of the old men, "you were luckier than I was. They broke me up. I lost about fourteen thousand dollars worth of niggers, and they've taken that lot of mine, and I've got to go to work and make it up."

"They did n't make much out of me," the young man said. "Put a bullet through me at Baton Rouge; but I reckon they owed me that much, some of 'em. I had n't anything to lose. I was raised to work myself since I was that high."

"Ah, you were? At the North?"

"No, sir. Never was north of the Potomac till John Morgan went into Ohio, and if I live a hundred years I'm never going again. Got no use for wooden hams."

"And these yer shoe-peg oats."

"What's that?" said the other old man.

The young man explained to him: "Why, these Massachusetts and

Connecticut Yankees make shoe-pegs by machinery, and they make 'em cheap, so whenever they can they shove 'em off for oats on some trader at a distance. Put a few sacks of pegs among the piles of oats, you know. You go to New Orleans, and any of the grain-dealers will tell you all about it. Wooden nutmegs, wooden clocks, wooden hams—every d—n thing. I was talking to one of these fellows not long ago, and he beat round and would n't talk out openly. Trying to make me think he was a Southerner. Says I, 'How long have you been out from Boston?' 'Haow long have I been out from Boston?' says he. 'Yes,' says I; 'I know a Yankee from Massachusetts whenever I see him. You're no Southern man;' and then he owned he was n't."

"Ha! How did you know him?"

"His talk. And then they've all got short fingers—picking up pegs, I tell 'em—and think more of half a dime than you would of a dollar. I can't stand 'em."

"But, by George! though, I do n't see but what we've got to stand 'em."

"Yes, if you stay here you have. What's more, you've got to stand nigger suffrage. You'll have your niggers voting within a year."

"Oh, no; no, sir. That would n't be constitutional."

"Constitutional! How much constitution have you got left? Look at the nigger soldiers in the streets. You'll have nigger suffrage in a year. Did n't you see that the niggers in Texas have sent up a petition for it? They have; and they'll get it. Well, I expect to be in Mexico three months from now."

"You going to that new town some of our folks have got there? But a n't the United States going to drive Maximilian out?"

"It's none of the United States's business."

"Oh, but there's the Monroe doctrine. We've told Europe that our people a' n't going to have kings and monarchs on our soil, and you'll see Maximilian'll have to quit."

"Well, I a' n't in for monarchy myself. But the Mexicans are better than the Yankees and the niggers."

"Well, Johnson's doing very well now. He do n't believe much in the niggers, neither, and when we're admitted into Congress we're all right. The men that tyrannize over us now won't be in a majority then."

"All the men, North and South, that are conservatives, must unite together. There are some men at the North that behaved very well all through the war, and we must unite with them."

"All right; you gentlemen can try it."

"Well, if we can't get in we can stay out, anyhow, and we'll see how they can get along without us."

"If it was n't for these niggers. There's the difficulty."

"They a' n't going to be in the way long. There a' n't half the niggers that there was. A heap of 'em's dead. You may know that by it's being so hard to hire 'em; there actually a' n't the niggers; and now they're re-taking 'em to Cuba, and selling 'em. Did you see that Toombs met his coachman in the street in Cuba, and found he'd been sold there?"

"Yes," the other old man said; and Mr. —, of Hinds County, "had told him that he knew it for a fact that one cargo had gone over certain."

Then the talk went on about the injustice and folly of emancipation; how miserable the lot of the freedman must necessarily be; how cotton and sugar and rice never could be cultivated except by slave labor, and how the United States undoubtedly ought to pay the value of every emancipated slave. The young man for his part told of his battles, and, as I have repeatedly noticed on similar occasions, his audience received quite readily more than one story of cold-blooded cruelty, which, at the North, would not have been listened to by any circle of persons of equal intelligence and apparent respectability, if any one could be found to tell them there. For example, he and half a dozen of his companions being at some little distance from their command, came upon a straggling party of four Federal soldiers. Immediately after capturing the squad they stripped them of their shoes and hats. "We wanted them, you know; and if they had a fine watch or a roll of greenbacks, we wanted them too. Being on foot, they could n't keep up with us, and, of course, we were in a hurry about that time; so when we got into a piece of pine the Yanks did n't come out when we did. Do n't know whether any stray Yanks were seen round there after that. Maybe."

The headquarters of the Freedmen's Bureau for Mississippi is at Vicksburg. It is chiefly busied with a general supervision of the affairs of the colored people, and occupies itself with details only when its interference is necessary. The examination and approval of contracts is not a part of its work, and the relations between employer and employed are controlled, in the first instance at least, by the civil authorities. Through its subordinate officials, its influence is extended to every part of the State, and, as might be expected, it is not a popular institution. Every sub-assistant commissioner

the assistant commissioner informs me, needs military force within call to sustain him. The freedmen are working very well, and are receiving good treatment; their labor being in great demand, it commands very good prices, and the planter finds it to his interest to use his laborers well. It is not from the oppressive acts of individuals, therefore, that the negroes suffer most injustice, but from the spirit in which the civil authorities enforce the laws. Under the provisions of the vagrant law, for example, a white man as well as a negro might be arrested; but in practice it is found that while honest and industrious negroes are often arrested and punished, there is no arrest of notoriously idle and worthless white men. For this state of things the spirit of public opinion is responsible; and because this state of things exists the Bureau is a necessity. The hostility to schools for the negroes is very general, and often very bitter and dangerous. In the middle of February a Dr. Lacy, an old man who had started a school in Okolona, was four times shot at as he walked in the street for no other reason than that he was a teacher of negroes.

Such cases, whenever they occur, are reported by the officers of the Bureau to the military commander, General T. J. Woods. The case of Dr. Lacy has been reported. As yet nothing has been done in reference to it. In the town of Fayette the people will not permit schools to be maintained, and in Grenada they will not permit them to be opened.

In the face of such opposition, 5,240 children have been gathered into schools, and are receiving instruction from about 70 teachers, who are paid in small part by their pupils, but mainly by the Northern charitable associations. In the monthly reports returned by these teachers they are required, I notice, to give the number of pupils in their charge whose blood is mixed, and the number of those whose blood is purely African. Taking the returns of twelve schools which happened to be first set down in the consolidated report, I find it stated that, in the opinion of the teachers, the children of African blood number 287, and those of mixed blood number 777. A majority of the scholars live in the towns and cities.

In the office of the assistant commissioner, Colonel Thomas, I met several gentlemen attached to the Bureau, and resident in different parts of the State. They spoke of the condition of the negroes as being generally prosperous, but there is much hostility, they say, on the part of the native white population to Northern men. The large landowners are anxious for immigration, but it is not so with the mass of the people. It is for their property rather than for their lives that the new-comers fear; but in respect to their lives they are by no means at ease. It would be easy to multiply instances, one gentleman told me; he would give me two. Not long since Colonel S—, of Hinds County, a Southerner, and a gentleman from the North were in treaty about going into cotton-planting together, and probably would have done so. But Colonel S—, after a little while, saw with regret that it would be necessary to break off the arrangements. He informed his prospective partner that he had reliable intelligence that more than a hundred men in the neighboring county of Holmes had bound themselves to prevent the settlement of Northern men among them, and had also determined that no discharged negro soldier should be suffered to find employment in that section of country. My informant said it was beyond a doubt that Colonel S— acted in perfect good faith.

Another case was that of Mr. A—, of Boston. He moved into Mississippi after the war, with the intention of becoming a planter, and at first was very much pleased with his prospects—so much pleased that when a little while ago he made a visit to Massachusetts, he wrote a letter to the Boston Post and praised his new neighbors highly. Soon he came back, and it was not long before he began to think himself mistaken. By-and-by he became convinced that the people were too much opposed to Northern men for him to stay among them with safety. So he paid a considerable sum of money to the owner of the lands which he had intended to cultivate, was released from his bargain, and has left Mississippi.

On the last night of my stay in a Southern city I attended a political meeting, which had been called to endorse the President's recent veto message. It was held in the court-house, and was composed of about two hundred persons, who were by no means enthusiastic. Resolutions were passed, and many speeches were made, in all of which the President was lavishly praised, and the Senate and House of Representatives spoken of with great disrespect. "The war being over," said one speaker, "we were looking for peace, but it seems that the rebellion has only changed hands; that treason has reached the halls of the Congress of the United States. But there is a man at the head who is able to cope with it. President Johnson has put down the rebellion at the South, and he is now prepared to put down the rebellion at the North."

Another speaker warned the Southern people to remember that there was a party at the North, the Radical party, who would never be content

till the last silver spoon was taken from them and their lands divided; but there was also in the North a Democratic party which needed the active co-operation of the Southern people, and only needed that to hurl the Radicals from power.

The evening was not very far advanced when Col. Joseph E. Davis, a brother of Jefferson Davis, was seen upon the floor and a committee was appointed to lead him to the platform. A speech from him was demanded, and he complied, speaking three or four minutes, when, as I think, at the suggestion of the chairman of the meeting he brought his remarks to an abrupt conclusion. The *Vicksburg Journal* says:

"He fully endorsed the action of President Johnson in vetoing that accursed measure to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. The bill, if passed, would have caused a revolution equal to, if not more dreadful than, the one through which we have just passed. We have a branch of the Freedmen's Bureau in our midst headed by officers of the most infamous character; who hold the offices for a given purpose; who gladly record the abuses and murders of negroes, and forward such information, rather than assist our people without homes and means in obtaining the necessities of life. You have these officers among you. I charge you to look out for them. Mr. Davis's feeble health would not admit of any extended remarks."

I might give many passages from the various speakers, but they would be wearisome. I give but one.

Mr. McKee, formerly a general in the Federal army, stepped forward and said that he approved of the veto message of the President and endorsed it fully. "But in that hall on that night he had heard language used by some of the speakers that made his blood run cold."

Though it seemed to me not very successful as a political gathering, the meeting revealed very plainly the feeling which prevails in all the Southern country. The speakers represented the South as being cruelly injured, insulted, and oppressed, and the North as her wanton oppressor.

ENGLAND.—THE DEBATE ON THE REFORM BILL.

LONDON, March 17, 1866.

THERE was very little if any visible excitement about the reform bill on the night of the debate, out of doors; no crowd, as in the days of the old bill of 1832, assembled at Westminster to cheer the advocates or hoot the opponents of reform; and even the knot of idlers which always collects round the doors of Westminster Hall on a great night, in order to see the members enter, was scarcely more numerous than usual. Inside, indeed, the House was crammed. On the floor of the House of Commons there are not seats for more than some four hundred members, so that on full nights the odd two hundred and fifty-eight have to take refuge in the long galleries which line either side of the chamber. The door-ways and passages were crowded with members, and the peers' benches were filled with representatives of the upper house, among whom Earl Russell was conspicuous. Of its kind there are, I think, few grander spectacles than the House of Commons on a great night like that of Monday. The absence of desks causes the ranks of the members to look so close and serried; the division of the assembly into two parties, seated upon opposite sides of the House, gives a life-like aspect which, to an Englishman, seems wanting in legislative assemblies where, as with you, the place where a member sits has no political significance. Then, too, the fact that the meetings are held at night, in a room brilliantly lit by gaslight, makes the scene brighter than it would be otherwise.

For the first half-hour the routine business of presenting petitions, etc., was conducted amidst a ceaseless murmur of voices, and then there was a dead silence, broken for a moment by a few not very enthusiastic cheers, when Gladstone rose to bring in the bill. The speech was expected to be one of his most brilliant efforts, and it was known he had devoted unusual care to its composition. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has, amongst other advantages, the signal one of having a figure and voice adapted for an orator. Intellectual is the epithet you would apply at first sight to his features. I don't know that they could be called regularly handsome; indeed, he is one of those men whose face has grown more and more striking as advancing years have begun to mark it. The lithe, spare figure, which would be tall if it were not for the constant stoop, the high rather than massive forehead, overshadowed by the spare hair fading from black to grey, the stern underhung chin, the clear, piercing eyes, the sharp, well-cut mouth, all constitute a picture which, when once seen, is not forgotten easily. In repose the face is very weary—sad, I think, as a rule—but the smile is wonderfully pleasant; and, when the excitement of the moment catches, the features light up sharply, and the speaker seems to become young again. His voice—a thing most rare with English speakers—is beautifully modulated in its tones, and

the charm of his accent and the rhythm of his long, stately sentences would always secure him a hearing with a popular audience, even if there was little in his words themselves.

But those who heard Gladstone for the first time on Monday night did not hear him at his best. His brief, to use a legal metaphor, was not a strong one, nor could he work himself up to much enthusiasm for his client's cause. Indeed, the defects of his oratory, his love of digressions, his taste for using three words where one would serve the purpose, were palpably conspicuous. Lord Palmerston would have explained the general bearings of the bill and the causes which had induced the Government to recommend it to the House in half an hour. Mr. Gladstone lost two hours and a half or more in doing the same thing. No doubt the feat was a marvellous one, intellectually. There is not another speaker in England who could have spoken for a like period without pausing, explaining details of a most complicated kind, reviewing every argument against or in favor of each item of the bill, and yet producing an essay which, with scarcely an alteration, might have been printed verbatim for publication. But still, if the spectators of Blondin had money depending on his arriving safely from one end of the rope to another, I suppose they would get tired if he insisted on stopping perpetually to throw a somersault in mid-air. Now, the House of Commons had an intense personal interest in learning what the Government did or did not intend to propose; and though at first they marvelled at the dexterity with which the speaker contrived to glide away into some collateral consideration whenever he approached the subject of the intended provisions of the bill, yet they grew weary when this oratorical cleverness was exhibited again and again. And after all this elaborate exordium, the announcement that the Government only proposed to reduce the borough franchise to seven pounds fell singularly flat.

The real triumphs of the debate were with Mr. Lowe and John Bright, in the opinion of many who know the House intimately. Robert Lowe is the oldest of its members. Naturally enough, he has an instinctive dislike of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both men had much the same start in life; both were the most distinguished men of their time at Oxford; both had little assistance from wealth and aristocratic birth; both made politics their career, and yet, while Mr. Gladstone has made a brilliant success, Mr. Lowe has made a brilliant failure. Soon after leaving Oxford the former went out to Australia and made a considerable fortune at the colonial bar; but when he came back his rival had got a start which rendered competition impossible. Moreover, the turn of Mr. Gladstone's genius is, I should think, in the Italian phrase, "antipathetic" to Mr. Lowe. His subtle reasonings, his sentimental leanings, his passion for enveloping an idea in words, must all be distasteful to a mind so clear and hard and logical as that of Lord Lansdowne's nominee for the borough of Calne. I once heard Mr. Gladstone's oratory compared, by one who knew him well, to a moral shower-bath; I might say that Mr. Lowe's was like a moral hail-storm. Every sentence is short and clear; every expression tells; every word goes home. During the early part of his parliamentary career, Mr. Lowe had the reputation of an ultra-radical. His Liberalism, however, to those who looked at all below the surface, seemed always of a negative kind. He was a radical because he disliked the aristocracy, the clergy, and the landed gentry—not because he had any sympathy for the people. Somehow or other he never obtained the confidence of the public, whose instincts are generally correct enough, and he never rose higher than to subordinate posts in the Palmerston administration. Driven from office by an outcry raised by the clergymen whom he had mortally offended in his administration of the department of education, he was lukewarmly supported by his colleagues, and has since virtually joined the opposition, though still sitting on the ministerial benches. For some time past he has been laboring to form a coalition between the Tories and the Palmerstonian Whigs, and he took the lead, in consequence, in opposing reform.

The new and last reform bill labors under the defect or merit of being less extensive than any of its predecessors. It leaves the distribution of seats untouched, so that Harwich, with its 5,000 inhabitants and 334 electors, will return as many members as Manchester, with a population of 350,000 and a constituency of 18,334. It reduces the county franchise to £14, and the borough one to £7. It adds 400,000 electors to the constituent body, of whom 150,000, perhaps, will be working-men. As to its chances of being carried I hardly know what to say. Every party is so pledged to reform in the abstract, that finally Parliament may consent to pass this bill for much the same reason as a bankrupt who thinks very likely he can get off without paying his creditors anything will yet offer a composition of a shilling in order to save himself trouble and annoyance. But my own opinion is against its success. Nobody is enthusiastic about it. The Tories dislike all reform; the Whigs approve of reform in the abstract, but dislike

it in the concrete; the Radicals only accept the bill in the hope it may lead to something better. Everything will depend on the manner in which the bill is received in the country. There are a hundred members, at least, on the Liberal side who would be only too glad to throw out the bill if they could do so without the risk of losing their seats in case Parliament is dissolved. They will form their opinion as to the probability of this result by the manifestation of feeling which the next few weeks will bring forth. As yet the bill has produced no excitement whatever.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, March 9, 1866.

THE secret of the authorship of "Héloïse Parquet," the dramatic success of the season, has been at last revealed, and the Parisians who had settled so decisively in their own minds that this new favorite was the work of the younger Dumas are furious at finding themselves mistaken. The author, M. Deschamel, in the couple of lines he has addressed to the manager of the Gymnase on the subject, thus explains the motive which induced him to offer his play anonymously: "As the three pieces I had already brought out had been unfavorably received, I felt sure that, had I appended my name to 'Héloïse Parquet,' no manager would have even deigned to read the manuscript. For this reason I deposited my new piece anonymously in your box, leaving it to stand or fall on its own merits. I think that the result has shown that I acted wisely in so doing."

The musical season is sufficiently animated this year. Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," is being played both at the Italian Opera, with Patti as *Zerline*, and at the Théâtre Lyrique, with charming Mlle. Nilsson in that part; the dilettante finding a special pleasure in going from one to the other, and studying the different renderings of the two favorite songstresses. It is also to be shortly brought out at the French Opera with a strong cast and new scenery and decorations. Flotow's charming "Marta" is alternating at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Nilsson as its "bright particular star," a new opera from the hand of the same favorite composer being in course of rehearsal at that house. Flotow, an assiduous frequenter of fashionable society and a passionate lover of the chase, writes his musical compositions by fits and starts, as though "possessed," when the harmonious afflatus takes hold of him. On one occasion, when he had thus composed one of his most successful cavatinas, he wrote to St. George, who had furnished the libretto of the opera, "I send you my new song; it has cost me dear—two deer and half-a-dozen pheasants. But I shall be repaid for this sacrifice if you like it, and the public *ditto*." The forthcoming opera has been shrouded in so much mystery that its very name is not known, its authors having determined to stimulate public curiosity by not allowing anything to leak out beforehand in regard to its subject or its music. But who can foresee all the possible crannies through which curiosity may peep? Last week a non-musical friend happened to call on M. Flotow, when, the conversation having naturally turned on the new work, of which the friend expressed the strongest desire to be favored with some scrap, the maestro at last consented, and played one of the airs of the forthcoming work, feeling his secret to be safe with a guest who makes no pretensions to be musical. But what was the composer's amazement and vexation when, on entering the drawing-room of a musical friend next day, his appearance was greeted with the air he had played to his unmusical visitor the day before. The charm of the melody had impressed itself so strongly on the memory of the guest that he was able to recall it exactly, and to hum it over to the other, by whom it was at once written down and communicated to other friends enchanted with the windfall. Its performance on the appearance of the composer had been intended as a compliment; but the latter, unable to give vent to the annoyance which he had so imprudently rendered possible, consoled himself by mentally vowing that he would never again let himself be caught in similar fashion.

Great curiosity is felt by the musical world here on the score of the "Coronation Mass" composed by the great pianist, Liszt (now the Abbé Liszt), for the consecration of the new cathedral at Prague, where it was recently performed in presence of their Austrian Majesties in most magnificent style, and to be performed, on the 15th inst., at the great church of St. Eustache, under Liszt's superintendence, with the aid of Mme. Caters (Lablache's daughter) and Waut for the solos, and over a hundred of the very first singers and performers of the Conservatoire and the French and Italian operas.

George Sand has just read, in the green-room of the Vaudeville Théâtre, her new three-act comedy, entitled "The Village Don Juan," which is shortly to be produced at that house. We are also threatened with a "Classical Theatre," in which only Greek and Latin authors will be performed—

Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Terence, and consorts alone coming in for the honors of a hearing. Three millions of francs, it is said, have already been subscribed toward the new building, whose architect has fully completed his plans for its construction.

Lastly, in the line of theatrical novelties, may be mentioned the amusing biography, just published by Henry Lecomte, of the perennial Déjazet, who, after being the idol of the playgoing world of half a century ago, is now, at sixty-nine, the lessee, manager, and main attraction of the pretty and popular little theatre that bears her name, acting with almost the grace and vivacity of her earliest triumphs, and singing her favorite songs in a voice clear, sweet, and silvery, in defiance of time, and the charm of the "grand style" of theatrical declamation of which she is now almost the last living representative.

A new caterer for a public always hungry after novelties is just now taking Paris by storm. Talrich, the well-known maker of the wonderful anatomical models familiar to surgical professors all over the Continent, as well as at the School of Medicine of this city, has opened on the Boulevard an exhibition of wax figures, grouped together like tableaux vivants, and of most life-like appearance and character. One very striking group is of Rinaldo and Armida; another, a perfect masterpiece of artistic effect, represents Hercules and Omphale, the delicate beauty of the Lydian Queen standing out in marvellous contrast with the brawny strength of the hero of many labors. Another group represents a scene of torture of the Middle Ages, with a horrible vigor of verisimilitude absolutely terrifying. A portrait of the great surgeon Dupuytren, dissecting a body in the scene of his long labors, the amphitheatre of the Paris School of Medicine, surrounded by a group of students, though repulsive, is wonderfully life-like, and seems to exercise a peculiar fascination on the curiosity of the visitors.

The two receptions at the French Academy have been crowded, as usual, by the *élite* of the metropolis. The first—that of M. Camille Doucet, author of "Forbidden Fruit" and other plays of the same calibre of respectable mediocrity—was redeemed from flatness by the brilliant eloquence of Jules Sandeau (of whose name George Sand has borrowed, and kept, the first syllable), who, having to respond to the eulogium pronounced by the new member on the genius of his predecessor, Alfred de Vigny, evoked the memory of the author of "Destinies" with such masterly touches and such wealth of poetic coloring as to merit comparison with Rubens transfiguring with his pencil of fire and his palette of gold the sketches of Jordaens. The second reception, that of M. Prévost-Paradol, had excited public curiosity to an unusual pitch. Every inch of space in the hall of the Academy had been secured three weeks ago by the happy mortals who are on begging terms with the immortals. The *queue* was formed as early as ten o'clock, and when, at one, the doors were opened, the rush was terrific. Little attention was paid to rights—those who squeezed and fought their way in first taking the best places, and generally keeping them, despite the excited complaints of those who found themselves thus unceremoniously dispossessed. The new member's eulogium on his predecessor, M. Ampère, was warmly applauded, and M. Guizot, on whom devolved the task of replying, was received with great cordiality. The affair was, on the whole, the most brilliant that has taken place for some years in the narrow regions of the Paris Olympus. But the fact cannot be disguised that personal and social influences play too active a part in the elections to the vacant arm-chairs of Richelieu's providing, and Amedée Thierry, who has failed three times in his candidature for a place in the Academy, is not the only one of the solid glories of French literature who is set aside while writers not worthy "to loose the latchet of their shoes" are welcomed with acclamations to a seat among the "Immortal Forty."

STELLA.

Correspondence.

GENERAL SHERIDAN DEFENDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your issue of March 29th, an article entitled "Warren and Sheridan at Five Forks," reviewing and endorsing the pamphlet on this subject lately published by General Warren, is unjust to General Sheridan, who is unheard, except through his brief official report of operations in the last campaign. General Sheridan's headquarters are in New Orleans, and he may not see this article, or, if he does, may not feel called upon to produce other reasons than he has already officially furnished for his action in regard to General Warren, as he would doubtless prefer not to enter into a controversy of this sort; nevertheless, the readers of THE NATION, in simple justice to General Sheridan, ought to be allowed to look at both sides of this question.

General Warren's pamphlet, of course, presents his case in the most

favorable light, and no fault is found with THE NATION for sympathizing with him; neither is it now proposed to reply to his pamphlet, but only to dispute, as may fairly be done without prejudice to General Warren, the conclusion of THE NATION that "the question of facts is easily settled against General Sheridan." In doing this it will simplify the matter to take in turn the numbered paragraphs of THE NATION's review.

1. It is true that the night of March 31st-April 1st was dark, and the rough country about Hatcher's Run in a terrible state for army movements, but it was not stormy, in the usual sense of the term. It did not rain, and the state of the country had not, during the day, prevented a large body of the enemy's infantry from repulsing General Warren's corps on the White Oak Road, and then rapidly marching several miles to confront General Sheridan, who fought one of the severest cavalry battles of the war in his successful effort to hold Dinwiddie C. H. against this superior force, all of which movements are detailed in General Grant's official report.

What were "the expectations" of the Lieutenant-General does appear on turning to the official report of General Sheridan, to which is attached the despatch of General Grant in relation to the reinforcement ordered to his support at Dinwiddie C. H. This despatch reads as follows:

"DABNEY MILLS, March 31, 1865, 10.05 P.M.

"MAJ.-GEN'L SHERIDAN:

"The 5th Corps has been ordered to your support. Two divisions will go by J. Boisseau's and one down the Boydton road. In addition to this I have sent McKenzie's cavalry, which will reach you by the Vaughan road. All these forces, except the cavalry, should reach you by 12 o'clock to-night. You will assume command of the whole force sent to operate with you, and use it to the best of your ability to destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day. U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen'l."

It will be seen that his expectations were that General Warren's corps would reach General Sheridan by 12 o'clock that night.

It is a little obscure at what headquarters "it was understood that Sheridan was much more likely to retreat than to hold his ground." Certainly not at General Grant's. Nothing in his action indicates any such understanding, and General Sheridan had written to him, as we find in the official despatch, "I will hold out at Dinwiddie C. H. until I am compelled to leave." General Meade would hardly assume the responsibility of understanding General Sheridan's condition one way or the other. It is not likely that he did more or less than the orders of the Lieutenant-General required, nothing in this instance having been left to his own discretion. And at General Warren's headquarters there could have been no misunderstanding, for General Sheridan, anxiously waiting to hear from him, took the precaution at 3 A.M., on April 1st, as the official report records, to send him orders in regard to the attack to be made at daylight on the enemy's lines in front of Dinwiddie C. H., and, writing from the Court House, added: "Do not fear my leaving here. If the enemy remains I shall fight at daylight."

It will of course not be disputed that General Warren, as soon as ordered to report to General Sheridan, was bound to obey his orders and endeavor to carry out his intentions against the enemy, and, though he were ordered by the Lieutenant-General, through General Meade, "simply to reinforce" General Sheridan, he must reinforce him in such manner as General Sheridan might direct.

In regard to the retreat of the enemy at Five Forks, General Sheridan says, speaking of the battle of Dinwiddie C. H., "The enemy lay on their arms that night, not more than one hundred yards in front of our lines." And again on April 1st: "I moved my cavalry force at daylight against the enemy's lines in front, which gave way rapidly, moving off by the right flank, and crossing Chamberlaine's Creek." Again: "Meantime General Merritt's command continued to press the enemy, and by impetuous charges drove them from two lines of temporary works; * * * about 2 o'clock the enemy was behind his works on the White Oak road (Five Forks), and his skirmish line drawn in." It appears, then, that the enemy did not retreat to Five Forks during the night, but was in position to be attacked at daylight, as General Sheridan had directed. But supposing General Sheridan to be wrong about this—that he did not see the enemy's lines give way when he moved out his cavalry at daylight, certainly, at that time, no portion of General Warren's command was where the enemy had been, and, therefore, no person in that command is good authority as to whether the enemy remained or not.

So much as to the bearing of the official orders and despatches upon "the question of facts," and now, perhaps, a temperate reply to the views expressed by THE NATION, in paragraphs two and three of this article, may be permitted.

There is no question between General Sheridan and the division commanders of the 5th Corps, and he does not say anywhere that he found them wanting in soldierly interest and alacrity. No doubt each division commander in the army would freely testify that he had always, under all circumstances, formed his troops with alacrity for battle; but this testimony would not prove that he was always incited to alacrity by the example of his corps commander. He would rather give the impression that he was himself the sole agent in giving life to the movement of his troops in an important crisis. General Warren knows his own thoughts, and if, as THE NATION reports him, he "was delighted and eager to serve under Sheridan," it is unfortunate that on this occasion he did not give evidence of a hearty desire to co-operate in the proposed movements, for it cannot be conceived that General Sheridan could so far mistake delight and eagerness as to be led to say, officially, "his manner gave me the impression that he wished the sun to go down before dispositions for the attack could be completed." There was no agreement to attack at 4 o'clock, and no question of punctuality to that hour. From the moment the cavalry was in position in front of the enemy's works at Five Forks, General Sheridan was eager to get up the 5th Corps for the flank attack. He chafed under the delay, and was waiting, not for an hour, but for the

troops, to arrive. Had General Warren mounted his horse, in response to the urgent demands for haste which General Sheridan made, and, riding through his command, urged forward the officers and men; had he busied himself, as without indignity he might have done, in the quick formation of his troops; had he appeared on the field, as General Sheridan did, realizing the opportunity and fired with enthusiasm, showing by his example that he believed in success, and thus inspiring the faltering troops, General Sheridan could have had no motive to relieve General Warren that would not have given way before his admiration of his hearty co-operation. Seeing General Warren's continued apathy after the action had begun, he relieved him from command at the first practicable moment, and, although the nation declines to enter into his motives in so doing, may it not be fairly assumed that, as the facts are not against him, his motives were of the simplest? Not because he doubted General Warren's loyalty or courage, for to doubt either would be ridiculous, as General Sheridan very well knew, but because he found that General Warren, through a natural depression resulting from a recent disaster to his command, or from other causes best known to himself, did not believe in victory, and was not sanguine of complete success in this campaign, and was, therefore, a clog to the impulse which General Sheridan had determined to give to all the force under his control, in the hope and belief that, by so doing, the army would soon be done with war. Is not this view strengthened by the extraordinary fact that the Lieutenant-General sent with General Warren unsought authority to General Sheridan to relieve him from command? "Authority for this action having been sent to me before the battle, unsolicited," General Sheridan officially reports. Does not this remarkable action on the part of General Grant satisfy everybody but unreasonable partisans that General Warren was well known to be in a frame of mind incompatible with the vigor and enthusiasm so vital at this juncture? It is almost needless to add that, although General Warren was assigned by General Grant to other commands, doubtless for good reasons, it is not possible, as THE NATION seems to imply, that the Lieutenant-General was surprised at his removal from the command of the 5th Corps, or that he promptly employed him elsewhere to evince his disapprobation of General Sheridan's action. It is hard to see what unworthy motive could actuate General Sheridan. He had already attained the highest honor the Government could bestow. He had fought through the war, and conducted brilliant campaigns, without robbing his fellow-officers of their just praise, and it is unfortunate that, in the interest of his good name, it is now necessary to disprove a one-sided narration and an assertion that a question of facts is easily settled against him. And it is still more unfortunate that he must be defended from the inference that he deliberately sought to get the credit belonging to a fellow-officer by using his superior authority to disgrace him. As the charge has been made, fairness demands a hearing for the defence, and as to the impartial reader's verdict no doubt is felt by

A STAFF OFFICER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 30th.

A NOTE FROM MR. DICEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In the letter of the New York correspondent of the *Spectator* of the week before last, I read with astonishment the following statement: "If that were true" (namely, if the Americans were cowards), then indeed would Mr. Dicey's assertion in his "Federal States" also be true, "that 50,000 French troops could march from one end of the country to the other."

I have a fortunate faculty for forgetting what I write myself, and so I turned eagerly to the volume in question, to discover what I could have stated to justify such an assertion. I find, on referring, that in discussing the military organization of the American volunteer armies, in a letter written at the time when McClellan was only just beginning to arrange the unwieldy masses of the Potomac army into something like order and discipline, I used the following words:

"The English officers who came down to Washington to inspect the army were always very confident in their assertions that it would have no chance against a small force of well-trained troops. I agree with them so far that I think it possible that a French army of 50,000 men might march from New York to New Orleans, and defeat any force it met on its path, but when that was done no vital result would be produced; and with 50,000 men it would be impossible to occupy more than a single State."

At the time at which I wrote this letter home, no belief was more popular in England than the idea that, if any great European power chose to interfere in America, it would find no difficulty in imposing its will upon the combatants. It was against this idea that I was arguing, as anybody might see who took the trouble to read the chapter in which the passage quoted occurs.

One of my many heresies is a belief that untrained volunteers are not a match for trained troops, till they have learnt their trade of soldiering by actual experience. I believed then, and I believe still, that in 1862 50,000 French troops would probably have defeated any force that either North or South could have brought against them at one point; and I believe now, as I stated then, that such an intervention would not have affected in any way the final result of the war. How far my statement, as to the possibility of

a trained army marching across the continent, has been borne out by the triumphant march of Sherman's veterans in 1865, is a matter of opinion.

I trust I have said enough to show that I did not indulge—as the correspondent represents—in a silly sneer against the learning of American newsmen. That I was not likely to have done so would, I should have thought, have been known to every one who ever read any of my writings, and to none more than "A Yankee" himself.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD DICEY.

LONDON, March 17.

A NAUTICAL CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Does n't a ship at anchor always bring up with her head to the wind? and if so, how can there (then) be any leeward shrouds?

Yours,

CARL BENSON.

[Our correspondent is right in the criticism implied by his questions. We did not state the whole case against the picture mentioned in our last. The essential error was that to which Carl Benson calls attention, the fact that there *was* a leeward and a windward side to a ship riding at anchor. The sea was running high and breaking over the port-bow, the spray driving across the deck, and men the while going aloft by the starboard shrouds; the whole *status* unaccountable while the ship was visibly anchored.—ED. NATION.]

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE United States possesses no great national library, and the slow growth and niggardly appropriations for the Library of Congress for many years past have not indicated any prospect that the deficiency would ever be supplied. The reasons are obvious why our national capital cannot be expected to furnish library facilities to the scholars of this country at all comparable to those of London or Paris. Yet there is no reason why Washington should fall behind New York or Boston in its collection of books of practical value, or why our only national library should continue poor in all that relates to the discovery, settlement, and natural and political history of our own country. A legislative body for a great and populous continent like our own should have at command a library filled with all that can illustrate the immense range and diversity of subjects upon which it is called to legislate; and our national library should be a great library of reference, where the men of letters and science of our own and other countries, who visit Washington, should be sure of finding competent aids in their researches. We would not insist that such a library should possess absolutely every American book, though it would ultimately be a highly important service to literature and its history in America to find upon the shelves of some great central library (and what one so proper for the purpose as the Government library at the national capital?) a complete representation of what the country had produced, however valuable or however valueless it might to some appear. As one step in the right direction, we notice that a bill has recently passed the Senate to transfer the custody of the Smithsonian Library at Washington to the Library of Congress. This will enlarge the latter library, as we learn, by some 40,000 volumes, raising it at once to the front rank among American collections, and going far toward completing it in what it is now most deficient in, namely, works devoted to science and the arts. We may before long expect to see the Library of Congress the largest, as it already is one of the most select, in this country, with proper liberality in the Government appropriations, and intelligence in their expenditure for its increase. We can see no good reason for building up two separate large libraries at the seat of Government, and the concentration of these two into one fire-proof building, if properly arranged and intelligently catalogued, must result greatly to the benefit of all who desire to consult books at the national capital.

—Mr. David G. Francis is on the eve of republishing "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," by J. Payne Collier, F.S.A., a work of which it is not easy to speak too highly. The amount of labor involved in reading the books described in its pages, or in skimming over them sufficiently for ordinary bibliographical purposes, is not large; but the labor which does not appear is immense, extending, as must in such cases, over many years, and calling for as much patience as

industry. In regard to the rarity of a volume, for instance, the student frequently finds that he was mistaken, his supposed rare book turning out to be quite well known to scholars. It costs much time and more reading to master even the alphabet of bibliography. Mr. Collier began his bibliographical career about sixty years ago (he is now seventy-nine)—when he became possessed of Wilson's "Art of Logic," printed by Richard Grafton in 1551, from which he ascertained that "Ralph Roister Doister" was older than "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and that its writer was Nicholas Udall—and has continued it ever since, occasionally making literary discoveries, the most important of which is assuredly *not* the famous Perkins folio. Through good and evil report he has pursued his way, and the result of his labors in one direction is the work which Mr. Francis is reprinting—Akin in spirit to the "Censura Literaria," "Restituta," and other publications of Sir Egerton Brydges and his coadjutors, Park and Haslewood, it differs from those works, which are largely taken up with well-known though comparatively rare writers, in that it describes only the rarest—those which are now known to be such, having been unearthed from their ancient hiding-places within the last sixty years by Mr. Collier and other scholars and collectors, with what pains and at what uncounted cost! It also supplements the works mentioned, since it contains entirely new matter, Mr. Collier stating that he has never criticized, scarcely quoted even, a volume mentioned by others. The abundance of the material which he has brought to light is surprising—much more surprising than its literary value, of which, in some cases, the less said the better. He reproduces the "Bridgewater Catalogue," which he prepared about thirty years ago for the first Earl of Ellesmere, the whole impression of which, consisting of only fifty copies, was distributed as presents—a princely but unwise proceeding: unwise as regards the smallness of the edition, which Lord Ellesmere afterwards regretted, authorizing Mr. Collier to reprint the work when he chose. Familiarity with a portion of the ground gone over by Mr. Collier, and a considerable reading of what other bibliographers have written thereon and thereabouts, incline us to place his work at the head of its class in English. The only one which will at all compare with it in cleverness of research is Corser's "Collectanea Anglo-Poetica," and that, which is printed for the Chetham Society and therefore not accessible to ordinary purchasers, is still unfinished; it makes, besides, no claim to the description of rarities exclusively. The original edition of Mr. Collier's book is in two large octavo volumes of between five and six hundred pages each. Mr. Francis's reprint will be in four volumes crown octavo, of between three and four hundred pages each. There is no comparison between the two in the essential of a handsome volume, the English copy being clumsy and not especially well printed, the American almost perfect of its kind. The edition is small, consisting of a limited number of copies of the ordinary size and seventy-five copies on large paper.

—Two new Sanscrit dictionaries have lately been published, one in French, the work of Messrs. Emile Burnouf and L. Leupol, the other in English, a compilation by Theodore Benfey, professor at the University of Göttingen, edited by Max Müller. A great advance has been made in the knowledge of Sanscrit in Europe since Anquetil Duperron first discovered the existence of a Sanscrit dictionary of native origin, and since Sir William Jones revealed the beauties of the ancient Hindu drama to his countrymen through his version of "Sakuntala." Neither of these scholars can be considered profound in Sanscrit. Duperron blundered at the very threshold of the "Amarakosa," of which he could not have known much beyond the name, while Sir William Jones paraphrased rather than translated the sufferings of the noble Hindu maiden. Later came Colebrooke, who published the original text of the "Amarakosa," and an English interpretation of it. The late Horace Hayman Wilson, in the first edition of his dictionary, made some advance on Colebrooke's labors towards making the study of Sanscrit practicable without the aid of native teachers; but in reality accomplished little beyond translating and verifying what had been collected and arranged by learned natives attached to the College at Calcutta, a mass of useful material, no doubt, but not free from the suspicion of having been gathered in the furtherance of special interests. His second edition is but a slight improvement on the first, omitting, as it does, authorities, and containing but little new matter. In fact Sanscrit philology has rather languished in Europe since the death of Eugène Burnouf, who has left no successor worthy of him, except, perhaps, Adolphe Rignier, who is excellent in all that he undertakes. Two good Continental scholars, Messrs. Böhtlingk and Roth, are understood to be pursuing Sanscrit studies, as likewise Professor Goldstücker in England, but as their labors have not been given to the public, their value cannot yet be determined. In the meantime the students of Sanscrit literature will have to content themselves with the old authorities, however imperfect, and the two dictionaries mentioned above, the merits of which are rather

comparative than positive, neither thoroughly fulfilling the requisites of a standard Sanscrit dictionary.

—The Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Cesar" has been productive of numerous brochures against him, the latest of which, "L'Histoire du Nouveau César," by P. Vésinier, is having a surreptitious circulation in Paris. Inferior to the famous "Propos de Labienus," it is still a brilliant specimen of invective, the writer never degenerating into dulness, though he is often libellous. He relates many amusing anecdotes of Louis Napoleon's early life, especially in reference to the failures at Strasburg and Boulogne, but he adds so many that evidently were calumnies as to deprive his work of all historical value.

—The Rev. W. W. Shirley has recently issued, through the Clarendon Press, Oxford, "A Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wyclif," his object being to collect information concerning Wyclif's manuscripts, their chronology, or their connection with each other, for the purpose of publishing a satisfactory edition of his works. What Wyclif wrote in Latin seems to be pretty well established, but the greatest confusion exists in regard to his English writings, the very popularity of which, at their time of production, when they circulated in a multitude of forms, has added to the difficulty of subsequent research concerning them. To reduce this chaotic confusion to order, as far as possible, is the motive of the catalogue, which is the result of researches in England, Prague, Vienna, and Paris, and the cause of its publication.

—The deep hold, which the ancient myths of Greece have taken in the soil of their nativity, or most favored transplantation, is shown in "The Greek Almanac for 1866," in a translation therein of a privately printed paper by M. Lehon on the mythology of modern Greece. There was formerly a colossal statue of Démêter, now at Cambridge, which was revered by the modern Eleusinians as Saint Démêtra, and, when it was removed, her worshippers grieved sorely, believing that the fruitfulness of the Eleusinian plain had departed with it. Concerning this statue, or rather the saint after whom it was named, who was, of course, a Christianized reminiscence of the goddess Démêter, there was a popular legend which M. Lehon heard from a Greek priest, who by his own account was more than one hundred years old, and which was to this effect: Saint Démêtra, an old woman of Athens, poor but devout, had a daughter of surpassing beauty, whom a Turkish aga of Epeiros, who was skilled in magic, beheld one day as she was combing her long golden locks. He made fierce love to her, but she repelled all his advances; so on Christmas night he broke into Saint Démêtra's house and carried off her daughter on a black horse swift enough to pass in a few minutes from Athens to Epeiros. The afflicted mother wandered about looking for her child, but found no tidings of her until she fell in with a stork from whose nest she had once driven a ravenous bird—a kindly act which was remembered by the grateful bird, who related the manner of her daughter's abduction, and promised to guide her on her journey. They wandered on in the cold wintry weather, and no one would receive them except the wife of the hadji-bashi, or local magistrate, of Eleusis, who gave them help and comfort, while Saint Démêtra in return blessed them and promised to make the plain fruitful. Now, this charitable pair had a beautiful and brave son, who volunteered to go in search of the lost maiden provided he might have her for his wife when she was found. He set forth in company with the stork, and after a time saw a great fire where there was a vast pot boiling, surrounded by forty serpents. He lifted the pot with one hand and put it down again, whereupon the serpents told him that he was surely the man to rescue a certain damsel who had been imprisoned by a magician in a tower near by, and whom they had wished in vain to carry off. They took him to the tower, which he ascended by the means of large nails, taking out the lower ones as he rose, lest the serpents should follow him. At the top he beckoned them to follow, and slew them one by one. In the tower he discovered the daughter of Saint Démêtra, with whom he fell in love. The aga coming in, the rivals struggled and fought for three days and nights, the magician having the advantage of changing himself into different shapes. At last he killed the youth and cut him into four quarters. The stork, however, who had witnessed the struggle, flew away and returned with a medicinal herb of such power that when it was placed between the lips of the slain man his dismembered body came together, and he arose alive, and renewed his combat with the aga, whom he only overcame after three days more of hard fighting, by vowing to become a monk. The aga was finally overthrown, the stork completing the work by pecking out his eyes and pulling from his black head the single white hair on which his life depended. The maiden was restored to her mother; the young man went into a monastery; and Saint Démêtra departed with her child, leaving, as she went, the blessing of fruitfulness on

the plains of Eleusis. Such is the form which the old pagan myth of the sowing of corn has assumed in modern Greece, from which it and similar corrupt remembrances of its beautiful early fables are rapidly passing away, living no longer in the hearts of its people, though still "a joy for ever" to the rest of the civilized world in the pages of its immortal poets.

—That "Puck of Commentators," as some one has called him, Stevens, who, to his other accomplishments, is suspected of adding the doubtful one of forging, or causing to be forged, a portrait of Shakespeare, declared of the latter's sonnets that "the strongest act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service." Not so think his brethren of the present time, who have gone into raptures over them, and devoted volumes to their elucidation, so far, it must be confessed, with no very signal success, and with a singular want of agreement—one maintaining that the lovely youth whom the poet celebrated was his nephew (who, by the way, died at the age of ten, or thereabouts); another, that he was a mythical personage named Hughes; and a third, that he was Queen Elizabeth herself! Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, the friend of Keats in his last days, broached, about thirty years ago, the theory that Mr. W. H., whom the printer Thorpe declared to be the "onlie begetter" of the sonnets, was Mr. William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. This theory is now generally acquiesced in, though questioned in France by Philarete Charles, who has one of his own which we have never been able to understand, and in Germany, where Professor Bodenstedt and others maintain different views. A new claimant for honor in this field of Shakespearian study is Mr. Gerald Massey, one of the minor English poets, who has written a volume which the Longmans are about to publish, under the title of "Shakespeare's Sonnets never before interpreted; his Private Friends identified; together with a recovered Likeness of Himself." We are not fully informed of Mr. Massey's theory, but we understand it to be substantially that of the writer of a paper in the "Quarterly Review" for April, 1864 (who may have been Mr. Massey himself), viz., that the sonnets, instead of shedding any light on the life and feelings of Shakespeare himself, as many suppose, were really written for pay for other people, chiefly for his patron, the Earl of Southampton, in relation to his progress at court and his courtship of Elizabeth Vernon, who afterwards became his countess, much to the dislike of Queen Elizabeth, who had no fancy for seeing her favorites become Benedicts. We shall soon have an opportunity of weighing the arguments, if he offer any, by which Mr. Massey hopes to prove this novel view of the question. In the meantime we hold to the opinion of Mr. Brown, that Mr. W. H. was my Lord Pembroke, whose poems, with others that were not his, were given to the world long after his death by the rather disreputable son of the poet Donne.

—Dr. Whewell, the late Master of Trinity College, was in many respects a remarkable man. Born at Lancaster, towards the close of the last century, the son of a tradesman in that town, he was sent to Trinity in his seventeenth year, a raw country youth, of whom, and his proficiency in his native tongue, a good story is related, to the effect that when he was lounging one day at the college gate he saw a herd of swine driven by, which drew from him the following soliloquy: "They're a hard thing to drive—very, when there's many of them—is a pig." Two years later the raw country youth gained the Chancellor's prize of a gold medal for a poem entitled "Bonadicea," and in another year he was second wrangler on the mathematical tripos. Fellow and tutor in due time, he was elected professor of mineralogy in 1828, and was an active worker with Peacock, Herschel, and Babbage in the reform of the university mathematics. He wrote largely on mechanics, mathematics, and kindred subjects, beginning with the "Bridge-water Treatise on Astronomy," which was followed by the "History of the Inductive Sciences" and the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," the works by which he is best known. Accepting the professorship of moral philosophy in 1838, he held that office till 1855, becoming, in 1841, Master of Trinity on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth. He edited Sir James Mackintosh's "Introduction to the Study of Ethical Philosophy," and published a couple of volumes of his own on "Morality;" the "Ethical Dialogues of Plato;" "Lectures on Political Economy;" "Architectural Notes on Churches in France and Germany;" and "Some Specimens of English Hexameters," the last in a volume containing similar efforts by Sir John Herschel, Archdeacon Hare, and Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Scott. Dr. Whewell, in short, was one of those active, restless men who are never happy except when busy, work of some sort being their life. He wrote well on many subjects rather than exhaustively on any one, though he himself would have been the last person to perceive the fact, or to confess the justice of Sydney Smith's gibe, that "science was his forte, and omniscience his foible."

—A satisfactory edition of Chaucer is something to be desired, for since all the early editions, which were printed from corrupt copies, no editor has taken the pains to compare the poet's works with the best manuscripts, and to correct the text accordingly. This is now to be done for an edition in progress—the editor of which, Mr. Richard Morris, follows the London and Oxford manuscripts, Mr. Lumley helping with those at Cambridge, while an experienced copier has been sent to Glasgow to read “The Romaunt of the Rose” with the magnificent copy there. Mr. Bond, of the British Museum, has, in his antiquarian researches, come upon some fresh traces of Chaucer which are soon to be published. Altogether the prospects for a standard edition of “old Dan Chaucer” are favorable.

—The brother of Heine is about to publish in the *Gartenlaube*, a German illustrated paper, a series of letters entitled “Recollections of my Brother Heinrich Heine,” a specimen of which has already appeared, and which touches on the relation between the poet and his uncle Solomon, the banker, the richest man in Hamburg. There was a perpetual war between them on the subject of money, which Heine, like the poet that he was, despised, and which his uncle, like the banker that he was, loved and hoarded, which did not, however, prevent him from giving away large sums in charity. He was generous to his brilliant but erratic nephew, though he lectured him on his extravagance, a circumstance which led the former to leave Hamburg as often as he could induce his uncle to give him money to travel with. On one occasion, after he had finished his tragedy of “Radcliff,” he found the banker at breakfast, in good humor, and announced to him that he wished to visit the country in which its scenes were laid—England. “Go,” said Uncle Solomon. “Ay, but living is dear in England.” “You received money not long since.” “True, that will do for my expenses; but for the honor of the name I want a decent credit with Rothschild.” A letter of credit for ten thousand francs was given him, with the understanding that it was only a matter of form, and was not to be used, his mother having put into his purse one hundred louis d’or. In less than twenty-four hours after his arrival in London, Heine presented the letter to Baron James von Rothschild, who cashed it. A few days later, when Uncle Solomon opened his letters at breakfast, he found one from Baron James, telling him “that he had had the extreme pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of his celebrated, charming nephew, and that he had had the honor to pay four hundred pounds to him.” The pipe dropped from the old banker’s mouth, he ran up and down the room, cursing at Heine and Rothschild; at last he went to the poet’s mother, whom he lectured on the total depravity of her son. She wrote the dear boy by return of post, but neither her letter nor his uncle’s anger troubled him. One passage in his answer was substantially as follows: “Old people have caprices; what my uncle gave in a fit of good-humor he might take back in ill-humor. I had to make sure. Who knows but in his next letter he might have written to Rothschild that the letter of credit was only a mere form; there are enough examples of the sort in the annals of rich bankers’ offices. Indeed, my dear mother, men must always make sure; would uncle have become so rich if he had not always made sure?” On Heine’s return to Hamburg there was, of course, a sermon, to which he listened in silence; when it was finished he said, “The best thing about you, uncle, is that you bear my name,” and left the room. They soon made up again, and to the end of his sadly afflicted life Heinrich Heine, poet, had no better friend than Solomon Heine, banker.

—One of the greatest rarities in the collection of the late Mr. George Daniel, of Islington, author of “Merrie England in the Olden Time,” “Love’s Labor not Lost,” and other not very readable works, was a collection of old black-letter ballads, amounting to seventy in all, printed between the years 1559 and 1597, which Mr. Daniel bought at a reasonable rate, as he did most of his curiosities, but which realized £750 at his sale. This collection is about to be reprinted by its purchaser, Mr. Frederick Huth, a well-known collector, as his contribution to the members of the Philobiblist Society, a close corporation of amateurs, whose publications are very limited in impression and only for private distribution.

ARCHITECTURAL REFORM.*

Of all the fine arts architecture is that which has the closest connection with the practical requirements of life. Its very existence is based upon necessity, and therefore wherever men live some form of it must appear, varying in quality according to the conditions of the society in the midst of which it has grown. Its characteristics have been governed by those con-

ditions to such an extent that when we are engaged in archaeological research regarding any people, their architectural remains form an important and sometimes the only basis of judgment by which we can arrive at a definite opinion touching the nature of their civilization. A deduction by reason from these primitive types of art to the circumstances of their peculiar development is natural and easy, and the result, in our minds, is intelligible and distinct. We recognize the ancient Egyptian in the temples of the Nile; we know the Greek when we have studied the fragments at Athens and the Greek colonies; the most eloquent type of Roman empire is in the shattered temples, baths, arches, aqueducts, and basilicas of antiquity; and the mediæval mind is present to us intact in the churches, monasteries, castles, and town-halls built from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. These impressions are, to a certain extent, spontaneous, but are developed and deepened, not changed, by deliberate analysis.

Now, in the entire absence of a standard of architectural criticism in this country, as applied to our own daily use, it is of the first importance that we should understand how it is that history has expressed itself so plainly and so intelligibly in the architecture of the past. It is evident that the solving of this question involves a theory of architecture capable of application to the most common uses of the art among us—a theory which, when once understood, will enable the public to sympathize with the architect, to relieve him from his isolation, and restore that mutual confidence and interest between them and him without which there can be no real and national art. At present, popular opinion, where there is any at all, is based upon the merest caprice or prejudice; patronage is woefully misbestowed; quacks flourish, and the true architect is misunderstood and neglected. Without the intelligent sympathy of the public this art cannot live and progress; the architect needs to be sustained, protected, encouraged, chastened by the consciousness that the people understand what he is doing. Caprice and fashion, with their infinite and childish vagaries, must give place to a public appreciation of the architectural problem not as a mere matter of taste or even as a question of art—this would be expecting too much for the present—but as a matter of reason and common sense.

One of the first results of a revival of interest in architecture in the Old World, particularly during the last century, was the multiplication of archaeological works illustrating certain local or temporary phases of the architecture of the past. Thus, the great architectural writer of Roman antiquity, Vitruvius, was translated, edited, and illustrated by almost innumerable architects from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; the result was the reproduction throughout Europe during this period of forms borrowed from Rome; it was the period of the Renaissance, a period when all architecture was governed by Vitruvian rules variously interpreted, when nothing was done without a Roman precedent to support it, and everything in art was judged according to Roman authority. Then came writers on Greek art, led by Stuart and Revett, who, on their return from Athens in the last century, gave to the world the results of their accurate admeasurements of the temples and monuments of Greece. In this manner a certain Greek element was introduced into modern architecture. Later the German antiquary, Boisserée, published, at Cologne, his works on mediæval architecture hitherto despised. He was followed by numberless others, copying, editing, and restoring the details of nearly every cathedral in Europe. Thus arose modern mediævalism, and with it an interminable controversy between those who yet clung to the principles of antique architecture, and designed according to Vitruvius and his followers, the Italian masters of the fifteenth century, and those who embraced the new architectural religion revived from the Middle Ages, and built churches and chapels after the manner, but not according to the principles, of the freemasons of feudalism.

This controversy has created a new Babel in modern architecture. There is a confusion of tongues worse than that which interrupted the building of that famous architectural unity on the plains of Shinar. Eclecticism has arisen. Architects, embarrassed by precedent, impeded by their knowledge of the past, have produced an unintelligible polyglot made up of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Saracenic, Byzantine mediæval types, mixed together in various proportions, which we must distinguish as the architecture of the nineteenth century. It has found its way in a diluted form to the New World, where it has been uttered in town and country with increasing bewilderment to the people.

In the midst of this embarrassing complexity, and in the pressing need to repair once more to the primitive fountains of art for refreshment and inspiration, and for that new knowledge which discusses, analyzes, and compares, a purely literary element has been introduced into modern architecture, with the intention of instituting a careful and philosophical examination into the whole question of the proper use of precedent, of eliminating all the perplexing points of controversy, and thus of arriving at some theory of archi-

* “Entretiens sur l’Architecture, par M. Viollet-le-Duc, Architecte du Gouvernement et Inspecteur Général des Edifices Diocésains.” Paris: A. Morel & Cie. 1863.

ecture from which may proceed a new and more wholesome progress, a style peculiar to our time, not an imitation nor a conglomerate, but a logical deduction. This literary element is represented in England by John Ruskin, who, with all his faults, may almost claim to have accomplished, in that country, with his pen that which hitherto in the history of architecture has only been accomplished by the great organic movements or changes of society, a revolution. He, at least, is the most prominent among those who have created the present tendency among English architects to design and build more according to reason and less according to prejudice or fashion. Whatever the result may have been so far, it cannot be justly doubted that for the first time in five centuries there exists in the mother country a theory of architecture which can be applied by architects to practice, and by the intelligent public to criticism. And this is a state of things which is full of promise for the future. However much we may differ from Ruskin in detail, and however much we may distrust his glittering and seductive eloquence, this fact is undeniable—that he has created an atmosphere which is wholesome for art. The mysterious agencies established by the free-masons in Europe during the Middle Ages, by which their various phases of progress from good to better were made simultaneous throughout a continent, is more than equalled by the modern diffusion of books. So we have already experienced in this country somewhat of this new feeling in architecture. We read Ruskin and his followers, and people here begin to take an interest in the subject of which these writers are the ministers. The fundamental result of their teachings, as regards the actual practice of art, is the application of the idea of *truth of expression* to design in the place of that mere correctness of imitation, that servile adherence to archaeological precedent and authority, that reproduction of styles which, until now, has held sway in all modern architecture. The most advanced of these teachers hold that architectural precedents are not mere formulae on which all design must be strictly and correctly modelled, but that they constitute, as it were, a dictionary of phrases, a grammar of form, to be referred to not for its own sake, but to give scope and freedom to the language of art. The problem presented to the architect is simply this: Given a subject, to develop it with all the grace and elegance which a perfect command of language and a complete knowledge of grammar can confer upon the art of composition. This problem accepted, a national path of progress is open to art. Then it is for genius to render the incident of this progress illustrious by great works. Individual genius cannot take all progress upon its shoulders and achieve an era of art. In architecture, as in the other arts, it can only accomplish illustrious results when surrounded by a prevailing atmosphere of intelligent criticism, which sympathizes, encourages, and applauds. The analogy between literature and the fine arts is, in all these respects, complete.

The English mind is not sensitive to the appeals of art; it moves sluggishly in grooves of conventionalism and custom, and is extremely jealous of change or innovations. Mr. Matthew Arnold's charge of Philistinism against the English people is sustained by a study of the development of their arts. No nation has exhibited such a profound respect for the archaeological side of architecture, or has transferred precedent to modern uses with such pedantic and unimaginative precision. Foreign influences have been rigorously excluded, save those derived through Italy and Greece from classic antiquity; and even these, before becoming current, have had to pass through the alembic of Sir Christopher Wren or Sir William Chambers. Their modern Gothic has been a bold and unpoetical imitation of their mediæval Gothic, which, for the sake of mechanical convenience, has been artificially divided in their books into Norman, early English, decorated, and perpendicular periods. In short, their architecture has been antiquarianism—nothing more or less; and yet, by the establishment of new schools of architecture, based upon the common-sense principles to which we have referred, there has arisen among them a prevailing sentiment of healthy criticism, the practical results of which we already see in the abandonment, to a great extent, of their late narrow rules and formulae of design. This new era has already been elegantly illustrated by such buildings as the Oxford Museum and the Assize Courts at Manchester—buildings the design of which has been controlled not by archeology so much as by fundamental principles. Regarding these as types of British progress in architecture, and comparing them with the perpendicular pedantry of the new Houses of Parliament, English architects may at length fairly claim that they at least are no Philistines; that they are discovering other precedents besides English precedents, and, underlying them all, controlling them all, more important than all, a vital principle of art.

The English are instructing us in architecture to this extent. Let us continue to read their new books and watch their new works. Let us profit by their labors and their experience. But there is another field of instruc-

tion no less fertile than this, no less fruitful in ideas and examples, though far less familiar. There is an important rational movement in France on this question, into the causes and progress of which it is becoming we should examine with scrupulous care, and which we shall discuss in our next number.

A NEW PHILOSOPHICAL LIGHT.*

THE author of the work which bears this portentous title-page informs us that he allows to the world three hundred years rightly to judge and fully to appreciate the value of the doctrines which his book contains. In order that the time may be accurately reckoned, he has recorded the date of the issue of the first edition as April 5, 1865. It would have been easier to keep the reckoning if it had been April 1, but four or five days are of little account where the period is so long as three hundred years. One year has expired already. It is somewhat early for a book destined to so long a probation to come under the notice of the reviewer; but we venture to introduce it to the public in a critical way, premising that if our estimate should prove to be incorrect because it is premature, there is ample time for it to be corrected and reversed.

The "Philosophy of the Human Voice," published by the same author in 1827, must have been received with unexpected favor, for he tells us that he gave the world fifty years to become duly sensible of its value. It has become a classic in its way, and has done more than any work of the century to lay a solid foundation for the science and art of elocution, and for an analysis of the products of the human voice. Though pedantic in its nomenclature and positive in its tone, it gives evidence that the author was gifted with a discriminating ear, and that he had applied to all the possible modes of human speech a most careful and patient attention.

The analysis of the human intellect was undertaken much earlier, and has been much longer upon his hands. The promise is very large upon the title-page, to which, however, the performance by no means corresponds. The reason is to be found not in any defect of the power of analysis, but in a defect of method arising from a false fundamental assumption. The *idolon speculi*, which has misled a mind naturally acute and trained under no inferior opportunities, is the notion that the mind must be material in its structure, and can be studied only by the methods that are appropriate to the inspection and analysis of things that can be seen and touched. The "metaphysician" against whose "confusions," "arrangements," and "nomenclature" he enters so earnest and vigorous a protest upon the title-page, is any one who believes in a spiritual essence which is separate from the body and brain of the animal. The author is not content with renouncing the metaphysician and "all his works" by a single emphatic disavowal, but he returns to him on almost every page, as if the lustiest belaboring of the poor unfortunate with blows and kicks of every device could never satisfy his indignant zeal. The only legitimate method of investigating the mind, in the view of the author, is "the physical" as contrasted with the metaphysical. By the physical he does not intend the inductive method as contrasted with the speculative, nor the analytic as distinguished from the fantastic; he does not mean the docile and patient seeking after the facts and laws of the soul, as a constituent part of that great system of physics which we call nature, but he means the assumption, by a kind of dogmatic *coup de main*, that the substance of the soul is itself material. The first proposition which the author lays down is the following: "The human mind is an effect of the organization of the senses and the brain. This mental function is governed by laws similar to those of other physical phenomena." The only evidence which he condescends to furnish is in a few sentences like these: "In this beginning of the history of the material mind, we refer its effects solely to the physical laws of nature. These, as far as we can perceive, produce all their phenomena by the relationships or actions and reactions of matter alone, without the agency of what we call spirit. These laws, *we maintain from analogy*, operating on the senses and the brain also produce the mind in common with their other material effects." "Could a controversial metaphysician bring before my senses the smallest fraction of the least atom of an immaterial mind, I might be induced to try an argument about the rest of its atomism," etc. The senses are the only instruments by which we obtain any knowledge of mental phenomena. The suggestion that there may possibly be another means of knowing the soul called consciousness, he rejects as a fiction of metaphysicians, and he accounts for the invention of it by

* "Brief Outline of an Analysis of the Human Intellect: intended to rectify the scholastic and vulgar perversions of the natural purpose and method of thinking, by rejecting altogether the theoretic confusion, the unmeaning arrangement, and indefinite nomenclature of the metaphysician. In two volumes. By James Rush, M.D., author of the 'Philosophy of the Human Voice' and of 'Hamlet,' a dramatic prelude in five acts." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. First edition. April 5, 1865.

supposing that "the enquirer who first turned his attention to the state and action of his own mind and to the effects of mind in others, noticed in himself an act of memory and a comparison of two acts of memory, to which notice he gave the name 'consciousness,' and learned by description that there is the like exercise of consciousness in others. And thus arose the general term for our self-knowledge of part of the phenomena of the mind." "The want of an analytic observation induced a belief of there being something in its condition different in kind from the physical perception of external objects."

When the author comes to those acts in which the organs of sense have no direct share, viz., to the impressions of sense received by memory, he seems to have some faint impression that his theory will fail, but he marches bravely up to the threatened breach with the following argument: The "memorial perceptions" are "perceptions without the presence of their external causative objects." But how can they be material in their character if one of the material co-factors is withdrawn? "*From an analogy that cannot be controverted, we infer that the memorial perceptions are excited upon some delicate but unobvious organization of the brain; and having regarded the primary as physical functions, we must infer with strong probability from the homogeneous structure of the sensuous nerves and the brain, and from the correspondence of the images and types with their external things, excepting a fainter degree of the memorial, that, until the contrary is proved, the memorial are equally a material process,*" etc. It will be seen that the conclusion is founded upon analogies piled upon analogies, and that the author rests serenely upon its truth until "*the contrary is proved.*" The contrary, if proved, would be that the phenomena in question are not discernible by the senses. How this can be effected to a mind which denies that anything can be real which is not "discerned by the senses" it is somewhat difficult to conjecture.

The author having surmounted this difficulty, pursues his way bravely on. He disposes of all the phenomena usually called relational under the category of "joint perceptions;" the phenomena of reasoning are assigned to "the conclusive perceptions;" the effect of language is ascribed to "the verbal perceptions;" "the primary," "the memorial," "the joint," "the conclusive," and "the verbal," being made to comprehend all the phenomena of the soul. It is singular to notice how easily he glides over the difficult points of his theory by the help of a word, how he recognizes all the variety of relations in which the perceptions stand to one another when they are joined in the brain, and yet how quietly he asserts that they are all accounted for by the mere fact that the "perceptions" concerned are excited in the brain, as purely material phenomena, at the same instant. It would be an interesting question for him to answer, "How is it that the perceptions concerned are at one moment judged as diverse, or identical as whole and part, as here and there, as near and remote, as substance and attribute, as cause and effect, as means and end?" What special twist, oscillation, vibration of fibres or fibrillæ, or other unobvious sensuous changes in the brain, can be conjectured as giving—no, not as giving or being the condition of, but as being themselves the knowledges of—any of these relations? Dr. Rush seems not to desire to evade this question. He recognizes all these relations as actually involved in our "joint perceptions." He dwells upon the necessity of them all in the system of human knowledge, and illustrates their application in forms that are manifold. But he does not flinch in the least from the conclusion to which his assumptions lead him. He boldly affirms "that relationships, when recognized by the senses and the brain, are as truly physical as the things themselves which give rise to them." Surely it would seem that a man in the spirit of a system could go no further than this. But our author seems to proceed to a point beyond. He looks forward with hope to the time when the capacities of light may be so far understood, and the resources of the microscope may be so far developed, as to "render the most delicate structure of the brain and its hidden movements palpable to every enquiry into the physical problem of the human mind." "We leave it to the future discoverers of an enlarged and piercing method of vision, and to the observing, experimenting, and reflective physiologists, not to dodge among cerebral fibres and cells after an invisible and trackless spirit, but to trace and describe the physical forms, motions, successions, and combinations of images and types in the working plan of the brain, thus spreading over the mind a descriptive panorama of its material self." We own that this is something novel, and that it will probably require a portion of the assigned three hundred years to effect this result. The boldness, not to say the audacity, of the proposition is only equalled by the sublime unconsciousness of the author of the irony upon himself contained in the concluding clause: "thus spreading over the mind a descriptive panorama of its material self." What is a "material self" in the theory of the author, but a material organism of the contents of a few cubic inches capable of oscillations

or other unobvious but presumed sensible affections which, it is conjectured, may in some good time be discerned by the microscope? What possible "descriptive panorama" could there be, except a pictorial representation (enlarged and photographed, perhaps) of these sensuous movements microscopically discerned? But how this representation could be "spread over" the mind it is not at all easy to see, if the mind is but a material self, i. e., an oscillating or throbbing brain. How can you spread upon such a brain a pictorial representation of itself? If the physical philosopher would be so good as to do this, and prove it to our senses, we will renounce the demonstrations of metaphysics for ever. We will, at the end of the first year of the three hundred, accept Dr. Rush as our philosopher and guide.

It is a curious question how came Dr. Rush to adopt the theory which he propounds. We can find no better solution of this question than one which his own theory suggests. In giving the history of the composition of his treatise, he says that the first drafts were written in pencil in "the Nassau Hall position" acquired at Princeton College, where he "learned the common practice there of reading and studying with the feet elevated to the height of a table, a fire-place ledge, or window-shelf, or anything to keep the feet from the floor." This was not "a boorish American vulgarity, but a fashion of classical education." "It has been my manner, therefore, always to think, compose, and first commit to pencil record in the Nassau Hall position," etc.

We would submit the question, with all deference, whether this unfortunate habit does not, on the author's own theory, account for the theory itself. Did he not elevate his feet too high in thinking and composing, and was not the blood driven back upon the upper extremities and made to press too heavily upon the brain? Was there not in consequence induced a general subversion or turning "topsy-turvy" of the whole cerebral apparatus, and is not the theory of the author himself, as a kind of subversion or turning upside down of all the usually received notions, fully accounted for by the unfortunate "Nassau Hall position" carried to excess? It is a pity that science was not in a condition to penetrate into the interior of his brain when this attitude was assumed. The results of a microscopic diagnosis might not only have confirmed the truth of the theory itself, but have gone far towards explaining its origin.

SOUTHERN UNIONISM.*

THIS book, written by a Northern woman living in the South among the scenes she describes, is published for the purpose of giving facts to show the uncompromising and devoted character of the loyalty of those Southerners who remained true to the country during the war. The truth of the incidents is vouched for, and the characters are drawn from life; the form of a connected story has been chosen to attract and heighten the interest. The facts of themselves—the hunt of Union men with bloodhounds; the refuge in the swamps; the Union speech by Richard Whedden in the secession court-house, ending in his attempted murder, the fight of the hostile parties, and the fall of the crowded court-house floor; Richard Whedden's escape; the heroine's imprisonment and discovery of her lover in a Yankee prisoner; Annie McGowan's revenge, and the fall of Newbern—were events exciting enough to have made the story interesting, if the manner of telling had not rendered them tame. The style varies from an unnatural exaltation to an unnatural depression—often putting a stilted diction in the mouths of persons whose words are meant to move the feelings, not dwelling with sufficient emphasis on the prominent and effective scenes. We mention this in no unnecessarily critical spirit, but as an explanation of the reasons which will prevent the book from attaining that popularity which the author no doubt considered the subject entitled to. Had the treatment been more successful, had the result been more readable, these sufferings of Southern Unionists would have got a larger number of attentive listeners.

There is another reason, however, why the "Eye witness" fails in a measure of its object, the proof of error in the prevailing opinion at the North, that there is but little Union feeling at the South, and that of rather an equivocal character. The existence at the beginning of the rebellion of a strong Southern party for the Union few people doubt, any more than they do the withdrawal of at least one or two States by mere political trickery; that there was a great deal of stout loyalty in North Carolina during the first year of the war, every one is willing to believe, and will believe more firmly after reading this narrative; but the volume closes with the occupation of the coast by Burnside, while we are chiefly anxious to know the condition of feeling in the State after rather than before his landing. How

* "Eye-Witness; or, Life Scenes in the Old North State, depicting the trials and sufferings of the Unionists during the Rebellion. By A. O. W." Boston: B. B. Russell & Co.; S. S. Boyden, Chicago, Ill. 1865. 12mo. pp. 276.

many Unionists there were during the last three years of fighting, how many were content to remain in the swamps and sacrifice all personal considerations to their love of country when the Confederate power had tightened its grasp, is the information which we should most desire, and it was this information that the author, from the circumstances of the case, could not give. The prevailing opinion at the North is that, as it was natural to expect, when the Confederate authority was fairly established, when the Union began to seem an impossibility, when life and limb were threatened on every side, Southerners began to look upon submission to the powers that were as their only resource, and that, having once come to that point, the loss of brothers, sons, and slaves was sufficient to make the greater part hate the government they wished to love. The frequent reference now in Southern news to the political antecedents of prominent men, who were originally opposed to secession, but afterwards supported it, may show to some extent the truth of this view. We should be glad, indeed, to know otherwise—to have accurate proof that in the summer of 1864, for instance, there was any considerable Union feeling in the rebellious States east of the Mississippi.

But this doubt does not make any less real the heroic fortitude and terrible trials that this eye-witness saw. Northern men and women can have nothing but deep sympathy for those in the South who risked everything to be faithful under the lash of the faithless. They knew war in all its horrors, not in battle, but at home, robbing, persecuting, and killing them at their very doors; they had nowhere to fly, save with snakes to the swamps, or foxes to the mountains; nowhere even to die for their cause unless they rotted in prison, or swung from gallows; they were alone in the midst of their friends, their own kin were their enemies. Yet they hoped and struggled on, where there seemed nothing but despair. If any one doubts this, or has forgotten, let him read the "Eye-witness."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BROKEN TO HARNESS. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Loring, Boston. (O. S. Felt, New York.)

CHERRY AND VIOLET. A Tale of the Great Plague. By the author of "Mary Powell." M. W. Dodd, New York.

THE STORY OF KENNETT. By Bayard Taylor. G. P. Putnam; Hurd & Houghton, New York.

ST. MARTIN'S EYE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE REBEL STATES: THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS. Reconstruction, and the Executive Power of Pardon. E. S. Dodge & Co., New York.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.—A TEXT BOOK ON CHEMISTRY. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By Henry Draper, M.D.—**WALTER GORING.** A Story. By Annie Thomas. Harper & Bros., New York.

ANONE. A Tale of Slave Life in Rome. John Bradburn, New York.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, Esq. 2 vols.—**THE YELLOWFLUSH PAPERS.** By William M. Thackeray. Leypoldt & Holt, New York; Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Part LV. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. A New Translation, with a Biographical Essay. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. 2 vols.—**THE WORKMAN AND THE FRANCHISE.** Chapters from English History on the Representation and Education of the People. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.—**SIX MONTHS AMONG THE CHARITIES OF EGYPT.** By John De Liefde. 2 vols.—**HOW TO STUDY THE NEW TESTAMENT.** The Gospels—the Acts of the Apostles. By Henry Alford, D.D. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

Science.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE description of a "Process of Fractional Condensation, applicable to the separation of bodies having small differences between their boiling points," by Mr. C. M. Warren, which was published in this country some months since, in the *American Journal of Science* and elsewhere, is now going the rounds of the European scientific journals. In view of the facts that this process has attracted so much attention abroad, and that it promises to be of great value as a means of scientific research, and perhaps even of direct practical utility in the arts, it deserves to be more generally known to the American public than now appears to be the case. The apparatus employed by Mr. Warren differs from the ordinary distillatory apparatus only in that, between the retort and the condenser, there is inserted an inverted worm. This inverted worm is immersed in a bath of water, or oil, or some fusible metal, so arranged that it can easily be maintained at any desired temperature by means of a special lamp or fire. So long as this bath is kept cold, no vapor can pass through the worm which is immersed in it. Thus, for example, if a mixture of alcohol and water were to be boiled in the retort the vapor would all be condensed in the cold inverted worm, and run back as a liquid to the retort. But when the bath which contains the inverted worm is heated, it is found that vapors can pass through this worm

at a temperature which is considerably lower than that at which the mixture in the retort is boiling. Now, since the temperature of the bath is completely under control, it can readily be maintained at such a point that the vapors arising from the retort shall be cooled to the lowest possible limit of temperature which their most volatile portion can bear without suffering condensation. This temperature having first been hit upon by trial, the bath is then regulated so that only a certain small and tolerably definite portion of the vapor shall pass through the inverted worm, the greater part of the vapor which enters the worm being condensed within it and so returned to the retort. In order that the translation of the volatile portion of the vapor shall be continuous, it is only necessary that the temperature of the bath be increased very gradually as fast as the more volatile constituents of the mixture in the retort are taken off; this is easily effected by trimming the flame beneath the bath. It is evident, from the foregoing, that by means of the new process there can be secured, regularly and constantly, a vastly more efficient condensation and separation of the more volatile from the less volatile portions of any vapor than has ever been realized in any of the old processes of fractional distillation. The vapors which have passed through the inverted worm are, of course, led into an ordinary cold condenser, where they are reduced to the liquid state and collected in small successive portions. In this way there is obtained a series of products as pure as can possibly be afforded by a single distillation, and by again repeatedly subjecting these products to the sifting action of the warm inverted worm almost absolutely pure products can be at last obtained.

—The study of the habits of the tape-worm reveals the history of a large number of parasites which infest both man and animals, and sets forth in a clear light the dependence, in certain cases, of one species of animal upon another, of a wholly different kind, for the fostering of its young. To effect this it becomes necessary that the young parasite should perform a series of migrations, the accomplishment of which, under the circumstances, would seem, were it not for the positive evidence to the contrary, a matter of impossibility. A species of tape-worm which infests the intestines of the herons and other shorebirds discharges its eggs within the intestine. These are voided by the bird, fall into the water, and are swallowed by the sticklebacks, in whose digestive organs they hatch. The young, however, do not remain here, but, obeying their instinct, bore through the intestinal walls and find their way into the general cavity of the abdomen. Here they grow often, relatively, to an enormous size, but do not reach maturity. So long as the parasite lives in the body of the cold-blooded fish the sexual organs do not appear, and will not, until the host, the stickleback, is swallowed by some water-bird, in whose stomach the fish is digested, and the young tape-worm thus set free. Under the influence of the warmer climate of the bird's body sexual maturity is reached, and the animal is in a condition to lay eggs and thus give birth to a new generation.

The migration of the human tape-worms (there are two species) is not unlike that which has just been described. These worms only become sexually mature in the intestines of man. Each of the joints, which together make up the body of the worm after it has acquired its full size, has both male and female organs, and, as regards the process of reproduction, each joint may be considered a complete animal. There may be several hundred such joints, each producing thousands of eggs. The mature joints detach themselves from the main body, and may lay their eggs either before or after leaving the intestines of their host. Once out of the human body all further development is at an end, and they inevitably perish unless they are swallowed by some other animal. Of such as are used for food by man, the hog is almost the only one into whose stomach they are carried; but for one egg that reaches this destination, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, fail. A single joint of a tape-worm, however, contains eggs enough to infest the whole body of the hog. Almost as soon as swallowed, the young parasites are set free by the action of the gastric juice in the hog's stomach. The action of this juice is necessary, since the covering of the egg has such a consistency that the young worm unaided cannot make its way through it. It is on this account that the eggs do not hatch in the intestines, since the fluids of the intestines have no solvent power upon the envelope. As soon as freed the young begin their migration anew, bore through the intestinal walls, and by traversing the tissues or by getting into the vessels, along which they are carried by the blood, they finally reach the muscles, where they for the most part stop. Sometimes, but rarely, they reach the membranes of the brain. The young worm now begins to grow, and develops from its hinder part a sac filled with water, which gave rise to the name of cysticercus or "bladder-worm." When present in large numbers at this stage in hogs' meat they cause the appearance commonly known as "measly pork." In this condition they are sexless, and are also powerless to migrate further and seek the other conditions necessary for their full development

To obtain this development, they must in some way be carried back from the hogs' muscles to man's intestines. If the flesh of the hog is eaten without the parasite having been killed by cooking, which often happens, the circuit is completed and the migration ended. The worm now casts off its bladder, buries its head in the mucous membrane, makes it fast with its crown of hooks, and begins to develop joints and assume the mature condition. Thus it will be seen that the eggs pass from man, are swallowed by the hog, hatch in his stomach, the young migrate to his muscles, and thence pass in food to man's intestines. The adult belongs to man, the "bladder-worm," or the cysticercal stage, to the hog.

Contrary to what has just been stated, the cysticercus has been found, in rare instances, in the human body. This anomaly has been accounted for by supposing that either the eggs have been accidentally swallowed, or as really happened in one case, after obstinate vomiting, they were carried up from the intestine into the stomach, where the young were liberated by the gastric juice, and thence migrated to the muscles as they do in the hog. A cysticercus in the human muscles could never come to maturity unless the infested person were eaten by some animal or by chance fell into the hands of cannibals.

Of all migrating parasites infesting the human body the trichina spiralis is the most formidable, not only on account of their immense numbers, but of the serious and often fatal effects of their march. This pest has been known for thirty years, but it is only quite recently that it has been proved to be the cause of grave disease. In Germany several instances have happened where large numbers of persons have been infected, and of the infected many have died, in some communities giving rise to a general panic. At Hedersleben, in Saxony, a town of two thousand inhabitants, three hundred persons were attacked, and of these it was estimated that about one hundred died.

The worm is of microscopic size, not exceeding the one-fiftieth of an inch in length, and sometimes exists in incredible numbers. Middeldorpf has invented an instrument for extracting portions of muscles in suspected cases, and in some instances a piece of muscle could not be found in any part of the body which did not contain trichinae. Any one who has seen a piece of infected flesh will not be disposed to doubt that they may fairly be estimated by millions.

The history of the trichinae has been carefully studied by Leukart and Virchow. In the mature stage their habitat is in the intestinal canal of man and some of the domesticated animals; in the immature or sexless stage, except when migrating, they are confined to the muscular system, and alternate between the intestines of one animal and the muscles of the other. As far as man is concerned, he alternates mostly with the hog in helping to maintain the life of this formidable parasite, though it is probable that in some instances he shares the same responsibility with the rabbit. To follow the worms through their circuit we will suppose a man eats trichinous pork; as soon as the parasites reach the intestines they begin to develop sexual organs, each female worm laying about one hundred eggs; a single ounce of pork has been known to contain thousands of trichinae, and these, collectively, produce eggs enough to infect the whole body. When the eggs are hatched, the young, under the influence of their migratory instinct, perforate the intestines and disperse in every direction, following the interstices of the organs until they reach the muscular system; here they stop, and soon become invested with a membranous sac, which in course of time may become solidified by a deposit of lime in its substance. This period of their emigration from the intestinal canal is the dangerous one for man. If there are a few only, their presence may not be known; but when they move, as is more commonly the case, in large numbers, the progress of thousands of them eating their way at the same time, in all directions, through the tissues, gives rise to febrile symptoms, intense pain with great tenderness of the abdomen, great prostration and a general typhoid condition, all of which may end in death. If the victim survive this, there is another stage which, though less grave, is seriously troublesome, viz.: that in which the worms establish themselves in the muscles, giving rise to great soreness all over the body, every motion being attended with tormenting pain. This, however, gradually passes away, and the patient recovers, though his body is everywhere filled with the chalky cysts containing the parasites, which sooner or later perish. For here, as in the case of the cysticercus, the only chance for them to come to maturity is in man's being devoured by some animal or by his fellow-man.

From what has been stated it will be seen that the man and the hog play an important part in the life of both the trichinae and the tape-worm, and it cannot be denied that the flesh of the hog may become a highly dangerous article of food. Fortunately in this country the trichinae has thus far proved comparatively rare, since the custom of eating uncooked ham or sausages is

much less common with us than in the Old World; nevertheless some instances of fatal poisoning by this parasite have occurred, and many other cases have been observed of a less severe character. The only security man can have against the trichinae is either to abstain from eating the flesh of the hog, or, if he will have it, to make sure that it is thoroughly cooked, in which case the trichinae will be inevitably killed.

Thackeray's Works.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT,

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,
 March 31, 1866.

THE feature of the week has been a decline in exchange to 106 for prime mercantile and 106½ for first-class bankers' bills. The decline was caused by the excess of cotton bills offered for sale, combined with the reduced enquiry from importers. Goods are so hard of sale that importers are generally unable to remit; while, on the other hand, the existing firmness of the cotton market abroad, and the uncertainties impending over its future, induce continued shipments to Europe in spite of falling exchange. Simultaneously with this remarkable turn in our foreign exchanges, the gold market has once more been "cornered." A clique of bold and wealthy operators, relying upon the implied promise of Government to sell no more gold before the May interest falls due, have bought up some four to five millions, and locked it up, thus creating an artificial scarcity and compelling the bears either to pay ¼ or ½ of 1 per cent. for the use of gold for a day, or to cover their contracts. Under these influences the price was forced up at one time this week to 128½. It closed to-day at 127½. But for the scarcity, gold might now have been nearer 120 than 125, and there are those who believe that when the clique disgorges its gold the premium will fall lower than it would have gone had no scarcity been created—perhaps below 120. It is an open question among bankers whether or no it will pay to import gold at the present time. In ordinary times, when this country was on a specie basis, it was usually calculated that with bankers' bills at 106½, gold could be imported from London. Just now, however, to make the operation safe, the gold must be sold "short" here the day the exchange is bought and borrowed for the interval to elapse before it can be got from the other side, the sovereigns sent to Philadelphia to be recoined into eagles, and thence returned here. If during this interval gold should be worth ¼ or even 1-16 a day, the operation would be a losing one. Still, it is likely that some device will be discovered for surmounting this difficulty, and that in the event of a continued depression in the exchange market some parcels of gold will

come from the other side. London bankers will not be slow to discover the profit to be made by sending gold here to be invested in cotton bills.

General business continues depressed, especially in the dry goods trade. Staple and fancy goods, in the auction rooms, do not sell for as much in currency as they cost in gold. Some descriptions do not command enough to pay the duty. A slight improvement is reported in some styles of domestics, but not enough to restore confidence among manufacturers or to put jobbers in spirits again. Buyers are few in number and very cautious in purchasing. Not even the triumph of Mr. Stevens and the paper money men in Congress suffices to shake the general belief that prices are on the downward turn, and that the less a man buys the better he will be off.

Money is very easy. Call loans are 5 to 6 per cent. First-class short paper is quoted at 7; long paper is not easy of sale. It was rumored some time since that the interest on the temporary deposits in the Sub-Treasury would, on 1st April, be reduced to 5 per cent. No such announcement has yet been made. A heavy failure took place last week in banking circles: Culver, Penn & Co., a house connected with petroleum wells, suspended payment on Wednesday. It is understood that the house had locked up all its available means in building a railroad in the oil region. It is feared that other failures will be likely to follow. During the expansion of the past three years many institutions and firms must necessarily have extended themselves to a degree which may involve danger in the event of continued contraction. With the exception of Governments and the active speculative stocks of the day, there is but a limited market for securities, and a still more limited one for merchandise. Forced liquidation would involve losses which might lead to many suspensions. Prudence dictates the policy of contracting business of all kinds, and allowing no obligations to run which can be extinguished. Those only will grow rich in these days who keep out of debt, live economically, and buy no more than they want from day to day.

The following table will show the course of the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets throughout the week:

	March 24.	March 31.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	104½	105	½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103½	104½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	103½	104½	½
10-40 Bonds.....	90½	92½	1½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	100	100½	½
New York Central.....	94½	90½	2½
Erie Railway.....	80½	74½	6
Hudson River.....	109	108	1
Reading Railroad.....	101½	99½	2½
Michigan Southern.....	81½	83½	2
Cleveland and Pittsburgh.....	79½	76½	3
Chicago and North-western.....	27½	26½	½
" " " Preferred.....	55½	54½	1½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	116	111½	4½
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	92	88½ ex. d.	½
Canton.....	47	47
Cumberland.....	44½	43	1½
Mariposa.....	12	11½	½
American Gold.....	125	127½	2½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	107½	107	½
Call Loans.....	6	6

One feature of the week has been a general though slight advance in Governments of all descriptions. These securities are in growing demand both at home and abroad. Recent advices from Germany state that as the United States currency improves and the gold price of the bonds rises, the German consumption will increase instead of declining. Dutch bankers who bought 5-20s at 35 to 40 in gold are buying again at 72 to 73, instead of realizing the profit on their previous investment. And here, at home, many persons, dreading the uncertainties of the future and disgusted by the rogueries of railway managers, are selling their railroad securities and putting the proceeds in Governments. The 10-40 bonds have been in especial demand during the week, and many seem to expect that they will gradually approximate to par.

On the railway list depression has been the rule, with one solitary exception—Michigan Southern. This stock is firmly held by the clique which has it in hand, and has sold as high as 84½. To maintain the price in the teeth of a declining market, the clique have been compelled to buy all the stock offered, and as few speculators venture to sell it short, in the present condition of the stock, they will have a pleasant time when they propose to realize. It was rumored that the directors would declare a dividend at the meeting on the 27th. But whether the board had not the courage to do so in view of the fact that the company has not yet been able to repay the money it borrowed of Mr. Henry Keep for the dividend of March, 1865, or whether a majority of the board are not interested in the present clique

movement, the meeting adjourned without fulfilling the predictions of speculators. There is every reason to believe that the company is earning little or nothing over and above expenses and interest. But the clique may, nevertheless, put up the price to 90 or 100 if the bears sell the stock short. The famous Rock Island clique, disgusted by the declaration of a dividend of 5 per cent. only, tried to sell their stock on the 28th inst., and in about an hour the price ran down from 116 to 110½. Had the clique continued to press stock upon the market the price would have gone to par before the adjournment. Alarmed by the utter absence of enquiry for the property, they stopped selling, and enjoined the directors against the declaration of so small a dividend. This legal proceeding will, of course, prove a farce. The Erie director has at length shown his hand, and has sold down the stock to 74½, against 85 three weeks ago. His losses in the recent campaign must have been excessive; it remains to be seen whether he can make them up on the bear side. His friends predict that the stock will sell at 60 before midsummer. New York Central shows signs of weakness, the Albany bill being by no means what the company wanted. There is a heavy block of this stock to be sold when the fate of the measure is finally determined. As a general rule, the public continue to be entirely indifferent to the fluctuations in railway shares. No one is buying, and, from present appearances, prices will have to decline much more before a consumptive demand arises.

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CASH ASSETS, FEB. 1, 1866:

\$14,885,278 88.

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, ensuring	\$31,894,407 00
In force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, ensuring	83,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same,	7,830,925 92
	\$91,244,858 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets, February 1, 1865, \$11,799,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:

Original on new policies.....	\$1,154,066 94
Renewals.....	1,818,654 82
War extras and annuities.....	15,428 64—\$2,988,150 40

Interest:

On bonds and mortgages.....	361,752 88
U. S. Stocks.....	352,820 52
Premium on gold.....	94,999 66—
Rent.....	55,833 94—\$3,853,065 50

Total.....\$15,652,480 48

Disbursements as follows:

Paid claims by death and additions to same.....	\$712,823 71
Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions.....	20,999 52
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium.....	58,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies.....	190,691 40
Paid Annuities.....	10,242 55
Paid Taxes.....	38,076 52
Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses.....	174,310 94—
Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums.....	394,255 12—1,540,130 63

NET CASH ASSETS, JAN. 31, 1866.....\$14,112,349 85

Invested as follows:

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$1,475,899 82
Bonds and Mortgages.....	7,948,622 30
United States Stocks (Cost).....	4,468,921 25
Real Estate.....	782,307 34
Balance due by Agents.....	36,599 14—\$14,112,349 85

Add:

Interest accrued, but not due.....	\$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid.....	5,084 73
Deferred Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received.....	655,844 30—772,929 03

GROSS ASSETS, JAN. 31, 1866.....\$14,885,278 88

INCREASE IN NET CASH ASSETS FOR THE YEAR.....\$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to re-ensure outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same.....	\$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due).....	122,750 00
Dividend additions to same.....	23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for).....	29,931 73
Premiums paid in advance.....	11,065 48
Undivided Surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserve of over \$1,000,000).....	218,649 42

DIVIDEND OF 1866.....\$2,975,388 58

Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above.....\$14,885,278 88

N.B.—The reserve to re-ensure outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,200,000.

This Company is PURELY MUTUAL, all surplus belonging exclusively to the assured.

ITS CASH ASSETS ARE.....\$14,885,278 88

Invested in Bonds and Mortgages in the State of New York, WORTH DOUBLE THE

AMOUNT LOANED; Office Real Estate; Bonds of the State of New York; United States Stock.

No PREMIUM NOTES or Personal Securities are taken or held.

Dividends are declared ANNUALLY, and may be used as CASH in payment of premium, or to increase the amount of insurance.

Policies issued so that the premiums paid will purchase a fixed amount of insurance, non-forfeitable, without further payment of premium.

Policies are bought by the Company at fair and equitable rates.

LIFE, ENDOWMENT, SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITY, and all other approved Policies are issued by this Company.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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 WILLIAM MOORE,
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 ISAAC GREEN PEARSON,
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 JOHN P. YELVERTON,
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 ALFRED EDWARDS,
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 EZRA WHEELER,
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 WILLIAM H. POPHAM,
 JOHN M. STUART,
 SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,
 RICHARD PATRICK,

HENRY A. SMYTHE,
 DAVID HOADLEY,
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F. RATCHFORD STARR, General Agent for the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware,

H. B. MEKRELL, General Agent for the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa,

HALE REMINGTON, General Agent for the New England States, FALL RIVER, MASS.

JNO. G. JENNINGS, General Agent for the State of Ohio, CLEVELAND, O.

JNO. T. CHRISTIE, General Agent for Central New York, TROY, N. Y.

STEPHEN PARKS, General Agent for Western New York, present address TROY, N. Y.

JAMES A. RHODES, General Agent for Southern New York, 157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

O. F. BRESEE, General Agent for the State of Virginia, RICHMOND, VA.

L. SPENCER GOBLE, General Agent for the State of New Jersey, NEWARK, N. J.

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent for the State of California, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS OF THE COMPANY ARE AT THE OFFICE DAILY FROM 10 A.M. TO 3 P.M.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Income for 1865,	\$715,899 15
Paid Losses by 35 Deaths,	99,900 00
Paid Dividends—return premiums,	69,160 67

Assets, Jan. 1, 1866, \$1,530,877 17.

The comparative growth of this Company is shown by its increased receipts during the past four years, ending 1st November. From

	For premiums.	For interest.
November, '61, to November '62.....	\$150,927 18	\$35,319 52
November, '62, to November, '63.....	198,202 68	28,638 50
November, '63, to November, '64.....	300,196 85	51,768 75
November, '64, to November, '65.....	551,571 47	67,854 87

A printed list of LOSSES PAID BY THIS COMPANY, of ten pages, will be forwarded on application, and is given chiefly for the purpose of fairly showing the diversity of interests, occupations, and professions represented by its patrons and beneficiaries, as also the widely extended field of its business and its bestowments—to the amount of \$944,000; and in addition thereto there has been PAID IN DIVIDENDS \$419,000, making a total of more than one and one-third millions of dollars; thus, at the same time, returning to the surviving policy-holders a large percentage of their past investments in premiums, and beneficently providing for the support of the widows and orphans of the deceased.

Active and efficient AGENTS wanted in the Cities and large Towns in the healthy portions of the United States and British Provinces.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS,
 151 Broadway, New York.

JAY COOKE,
Wm. S. MOOREHEAD,
H. D. COOKE,

JAY COOKE & CO., BANKERS.

In connection with our houses in Philadelphia and Washington, we have this day opened an office at No. 1 Nassau Street, corner of Wall Street, in this city.

Mr. EDWARD DODGE, late of Clark, Dodge & Co., New York, Mr. H. C. FAHNESTOCK, of our Washington House, and Mr. PITT COOKE, of Sandusky, Ohio, will be resident partners.

We shall give particular attention to the PURCHASE, SALE, and EXCHANGE of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES of all issues: to orders for purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD, and to all business of National Banks.

JAY COOKE & CO.

MARCH 1, 1866.

Insurance Scrip.
WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical

spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features: and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,

PUBLISHER,

130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

GRAND, Celebrated Gold Medal
SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,
AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

NAZARETH HALL BOARDING-SCHOOL
FOR BOYS,

NAZARETH, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.
Established in 1785.

Easy of access from New York by Central Railroad of New Jersey to Easton, Pa., and thence seven miles per stage, at 4 p.m.

Spring Term begins April 2 and closes on June 29.

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Messrs. A. BININGER & CO.,
92 and 94 Liberty Street.
REV. EDWARD H. REICHEL,
PRINCIPAL.

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned have associated, under the firm title of OLMSTED, VAUX & CO., for the business of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds, and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

110 Broadway,
New York, January 1, 1866.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
CALVERT VAUX,
FRED'K C. WITHERS.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.

THE WEED MACHINES.

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,
STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HOME FOR INVALIDS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1847.

BY E. E. DENNISTON, M.D.,

† Springdale, Northampton, Mass. Number limited to Forty.

Aware of the principles Dr. Denniston proposes conducting it upon, we are induced to recommend his establishment for the treatment of Chronic Diseases of various kinds. We believe it contains all the advantages of similar establishments, and have confidence in the skill and judgment, experience and prudence, of Dr. D. to direct the application of the various remedial treatment according to the exigencies of the individual cases.

J. C. Warren, M.D., John Ware, M.D.,
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Edw. Reynolds, M.D., M. L. Perry, M.D.,
Jacob Bigelow, M.D., J. Homans, M.D.

Boston, February 29, 1848.

Reference—New York, Willard Parker, M.D.
" Brooklyn, C. L. Mitchell, M.D.

Economical Housekeepers Use

PYLE'S SALERATUS. PYLE'S O. K. SOAP.
PYLE'S CREAM TARTAR. PYLE'S BLUING POWDER.
Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

Removal.

WILLIAM GALE, JR.,
late

**WM. GALE & SON,
SILVERSMITH,**
487 BROADWAY, COR. BROOME ST., NEW YORK.

Will remove about the 1st of May temporarily to

590 Broadway, Metropolitan Hotel,
while the premises

572 & 574 Broadway, Metropolitan Hotel
(which will be ready in July),
are being prepared for permanent occupancy.

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IMPROVED

LOOK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

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OFFICE FURNITURE,

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ORDER.

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FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS,
FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

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Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale
by all Dealers.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET,

in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune*.

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Superior to any others in the following particulars:

They are more fire-proof.

They are more burglar-proof.

They are perfectly dry.

They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.

Manufactured only by

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Send for a descriptive Circular.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BAB-

BITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lino is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

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61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

635 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute*.

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,

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Agents wanted.

Saleratus.—B. T. BABBITT'S SALERATUS,

70 Washington Street, N. Y. If you want healthy bread, use B. T. Babbitt's best medicinal Saleratus, made from common salt. Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, and 74 Washington Street, N. Y.

The Horace Waters

Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain prices \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

A Great Reduction in the Prices

of English Brussels Carpeting at **HIRAM ANDERSON'S**, 99 Bowery. Also Imperial Three-Ply and Superfine Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Window Shades, etc.

N.B.—White and checked Matting at 40 cents per yard. Look for 99 Bowery, N. Y.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY, N. Y.

January 1, 1866.

Amount of assets, Jan. 1, 1865.....	\$3,658,755 53
Amount of premiums received during 1865.....	\$2,684,504 86
Amount of interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.....	257,260 54
	2,342,005 40
Total.....	\$6,000,260 93

DISBURSEMENTS,

Paid losses by death.....	\$490,522 03
Paid for redemption of dividends, annuities, and surrendered and cancelled policies.....	294,608 53
Paid salaries, printing, and office expenses.....	71,528 95
Paid commissions and agency expenses.....	216,405 53
Paid for advertising and physician's fees.....	31,542 41
Paid taxes, internal revenue stamps, war contribution, and law expenses.....	14,303 80
	\$1,118,901 25
Total.....	\$4,881,359 70

ASSETS.

Cash on hand and in bank.....	\$250,036 56
Invested in United States stocks, cost (market value, \$2,140,775).....	2,115,431 25
Invested in New York City Bank stocks, cost (market value, \$54,475).....	52,561 50
Invested in other stocks, cost (market value, \$334,015).....	333,923 15
Loans on demand, secured by U. S. and other stocks (market value, \$55,858).....	43,500 00
Real estate (market value, \$250,000).....	140,819 74
Bonds and mortgages.....	250,747 02
Premium notes on existing policies bearing interest.....	1,186,988 21
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1865.....	242,451 02
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1866.....	60,380 39
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1866.....	1,579 12
Premiums on policies in hands of agents and in course of transmission.....	197,601 54
	\$4,881,359 70

The Trustees have declared a return premium as follows: A Scrip Dividend of FIFTY PER CENT. upon all participating premiums on Life Policies in force, which were issued twelve months prior to Jan. 1, 1866, and directed the redemption in full of the dividends declared in 1863 and 1864.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash on and after the first Monday in March next, on presentation at the home office. Policies subject to notes will be credited with the return on settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year 5,138 new policies were issued, ensuring \$16,324,888.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE COMPANY, JAN. 1, 1865.

Assets as above, at cost.....	\$4,881,359 70
(Market value, \$5,018,449 06.)	
Disposed of as follows:	
Reserved for losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1866.....	\$73,841 45
Reserved for reported losses, awaiting proofs.....	95,000 00
Reserved for special deposit for minor children.....	285 76
Amount reserved for reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest).....	3,530,297 06
Reserved for:	
Dividends declared prior to 1863, due or payable on demand.....	118,211 88
Dividends, 1863 and 1864, now to be paid.....	232,805 00
Dividend, 1865 (present value).....	315,042 00
Dividend, 1866 (present value).....	406,117 00
Special reserve (not divided).....	184,228 95
	\$4,881,359 70

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice-Pres't.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
CORNELIUS R. ROBERT, M.D., Medical Examiners.
GEORGE WILKES, M.D.,
CHARLES WRIGHT, M.D., Assistant Med. Examiner.

RAVEN & BACON'S PIANO-FORTES.

(ESTABLISHED 1820.)

A full assortment of these Instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. We are continually adding improvements to our Pianos, and our facilities enable us to furnish them at terms and prices satisfactory to purchasers. Pictorial circulars sent by mail.

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DECKER & CO.,**MANUFACTURERS OF PIANO-FORTES,**

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One Block East of Broadway, N. Y.

These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic, elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction, which enables them to remain in tune much longer than ordinary Pianos.

Bradbury's Pianos "the Best."

Pronounced "THE BEST" by the most renowned artists.

SUPERIOR in tone, touch, power, DURABILITY, and elegance of finish." Warerooms 425 and 427 Broome Street, corner of Crosby. Call or send for circular.

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Light Biscuit made in fifteen minutes with **T. B. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDERS**, 70 Washington Street, N. Y.

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AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

31 MURRAY STREET,

OLD STAND OF PRATT, OAKLEY & Co.,

Between Broadway and Church Street, New York.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD. Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. Four distinct Stitches.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE MARK:

Joseph GilloTT, Warranted.

or Descriptive Name, and Designating Number. New Series, Good and Cheap, from No. 700 to No. 761.

TRADE MARK: **Joseph GilloTT, Birmingham.** With Designating Numbers.

For sale by

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 John Street, New York.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

STEINWAY & SONS' GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES

Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these Instruments is now universally conceded is abundantly proven by the fact that Messrs. Steinways' "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS) and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, when ever accessible.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their **PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT**, which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap its benefits.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers, and used in European concert-rooms. **WAREHOUSES, 71 & 73 EAST FOURTEENTH ST.,** between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.